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No. 66. Volume XI.

MONTHLY 6d.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY 6d.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1903.

		Page.
TO MY READERS	The Editor	374
THE STAGE PHYSICAL *Illustrated.*	Eugen Sandow	375
HENLEY *Illustrated.*		378
MORALS IN ATHLETICS *Illustrated.*	G. Wood	381
THE HOME MAKERS *Illustrated.*		388
THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF HAPPINESS	H. Howard Hely, B.A.	392
THE FILIBUSTER *Illustrated.*	Roger Pocock	395
TWO WONDERFUL RIDES *Illustrated.*	E. A. Hornibrook	402
OUR LADIES' PAGES *Illustrated.*		406
SCOTTISH ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR 1903 *Illustrated.*	George Hutton	409
THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE		413
THE ACROBAT *Illustrated.*	M. A. Hughes	415
NOTES OF THE MONTH *Illustrated.*		418
THE KING OF ITALY AT RAMBOUILLET *Illustrated.*	Paul Meguin	422
IN THE DOCTOR'S SANCTUM—DISLOCATIONS		425
THE WALKING CRAZE IN PARIS *Illustrated.*		427
GREAT WRESTLING MATCH—HACKENSCHMIDT v. PIERRI *Illustrated.*		433
THE NEW CABINET		436
A MARRIED MAN'S IDEAS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE *Illustrated*	A. Benedict	437
MATTERS OF WEIGHT	"Barbell"	440
HINTS FROM SANDOW		443
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT—IN COLOURS	In Case	375

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FOR DECEMBER.

STEEPLECHASING.

2—Leicester (2)
3—Wye (1)
4—Kempton Park (2)
8—Gatwick (2)
10—Folkestone (1)
11—Sandown Park 2)
14—Nottingham (2)
16—Plumpton (2)
17—Shirley Hunt (1)
17—Haydock Park (2)
18—Lingfield (2)
21—Newmarket (2)
23—Windsor (1)
26—Kempton Park (1)
28—Wolverhampton (2)
30—Hurst Park (2)
30—Keele Park (2)

COURSING.

1, &c.—Corrie
3, 4—Gravesend and Cliffe Clubs.
8, 9—Creagh Club
8, 9—Brigg (Open)
9, 10—County Clare (Ennis)
14 —North of England (West Rainton)
15, &c—Newmarket Champion
18 —Gravesend and Cliffe Clubs
22, 23—Plumpton
26 —Edenbridge and Tonbridge Club
29, 30—Yorkshire Club (Studley Royal)
31 & Jan. 1—Southminster

FOOTBALL (RUGBY).

2—Kent *v* Middlesex at Blackheath
2—Midland Counties *v* Surrey at Leicester
5—Cheshire *v* Durham in Cheshire
5—Devon *v* Somerset at Exeter
5—Cumberland *v* Lancashire in Cumberland
5—Richmond *v* Moseley at Richmond
5—London Scottish *v* Harlequins at Richmond
5—Cambridge University *v* Old Merchant Taylors at Cambridge.
5—Blackheath *v* Old Leysians at Blackheath
12—North *v* South at Newcastle
12—Richmond *v* St. Thomas's Hospital at R'mond
12—Blackheath *v* Cardiff at Blackheath
15—Oxford *v* Camb. at Queen's Club, W. Ken'gtn
17—East Midlands *v* Surrey at Bedford
17—Camb. University *v* E'burgh Wand'rs (on tour)
19—Champion County *v* Rest of England
19—Cambridge Univ. *v* Edinburgh Univ. (on tour)
19—Gloucester *v* Blackheath at Gloucester
19—Richmond *v* Guy's Hospital at Richmond
19—London Scottish *v* Old Leysians at Richmond
21—Cambridge Univ. *v* W. of Scotland (on tour)
23—Cambridge University *v* Edinburgh Academicals (on tour)

ASSOCIATION.

2—Cambridge Univ. *v* Portsmouth at Cambridge
5—Corinthians *v* Bolton Wn'drs at Queen's Club
12—Tottenham Hotspur *v* Corinthians at Totten'm
19—Corinthians *v* Fulham at Queen's Club
28—Notts County *v* Corinthians at Nottingham
29—Sheffield Wednes'y. *v* Corinthians at Sheffield
30—Newcastle United *v* Corinthians at Newcastle

BOXING.

2, 5, 9, 16 & 19—Contests at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, W.C.

BILLIARDS.

7—19—C. Dawson *v* E. Diggle at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, W.C.
21—Jan. 2, 1904—C. Dawson *v* W. Cook at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square.
1 &c.—London Charity Handicap at the Temple Restaurant, Tudor Street, E.C.
1 &c.—Licensed Victuallers Handicap at the Lord Belgrave, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

HOCKEY.

1—Northampton *v* Leicestershire at Northampt'n
2—Middlesex *v* Lancashire at Southgate
3—Gloucester *v* Herefordshire on E.G. Ground
3—Kent *v* Lancashire in Kent
5—Durham *v* Yorkshire in Durham
5—Hampshire *v* Oxford Univ. at Basingstoke
5—Cheshire *v* Westmoreland in Cheshire
9—Middlesex *v* Hants in Middlesex
9—Warwickshire *v* Staffordshire at Erdington
10—Worcester *v* Shropshire at Worcester
12—Northumberland *v* Yorkshire at Newcastle
12—Devon *v* Cornwall at Plymouth
12—Notts *v* Cheshire in Notts
12—East Wales *v* West Wales at Bangor
16—Middlesex *v* Kent at Southgate
19—Yorkshire *v* Nottinghamshire at York
19—Devon *v* Somerset in Somerset
26—Cheshire *v* Lancashire in Cheshire

GOLF.

1—Royal Blackheath: Calcutta Cup
12—B'ton and Hove: De Worms Challenge Cup
19—Championship of India (18 holes medal play), at Barrakpore
24-26—Rye: Christmas Meeting
25—Ormskirk: Christmas Meeting
26—Ipswich: Ransome Challenge Cup
26—Claygate: Christmas Meeting
26—North-West Lisfannon: Coronation Cup
26—Anson: Boxing Day Competitions
26—Lewes: Christmas Meeting
26—Leasowe: Boxing Day Sweepstake
26—Royal Norwich: Christmas Meeting
26—Royal Isle of Wight: Christmas Meeting
30-31—Royal Eastbourne: Winter Meeting

CRICKET.

8—Annual Meeting of County Secs. at Lord's
2, 3—England *v* Newcastle at N'castle, Australia
4, 5—England *v* Northern D'rict at W. Maitland
11,15—Engd. *v* Australia, 1st Test Match, Sydney
26,28—England *v* Bendigo at Bendigo

LACROSSE.

5—Middlesex *v* Surrey at Lord's
5—Gloucestershire *v* Surrey (2nd) at Bristol
5—Essex *v* Kent at Leyton

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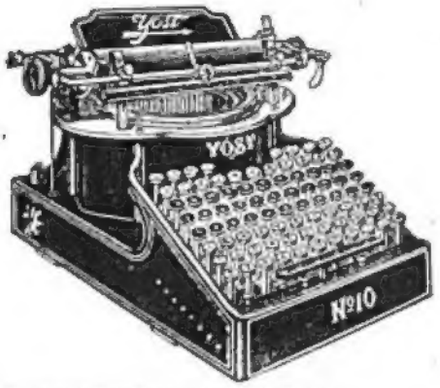

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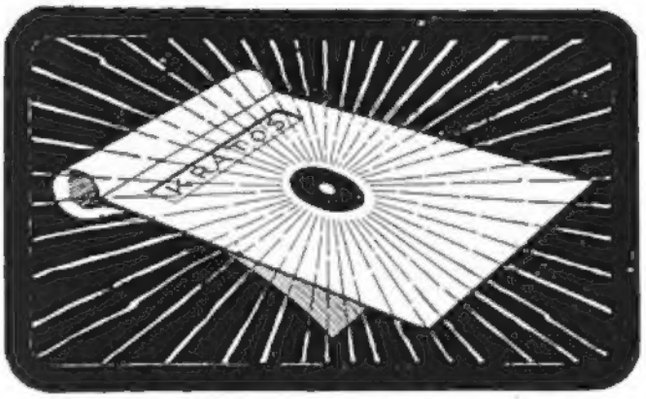

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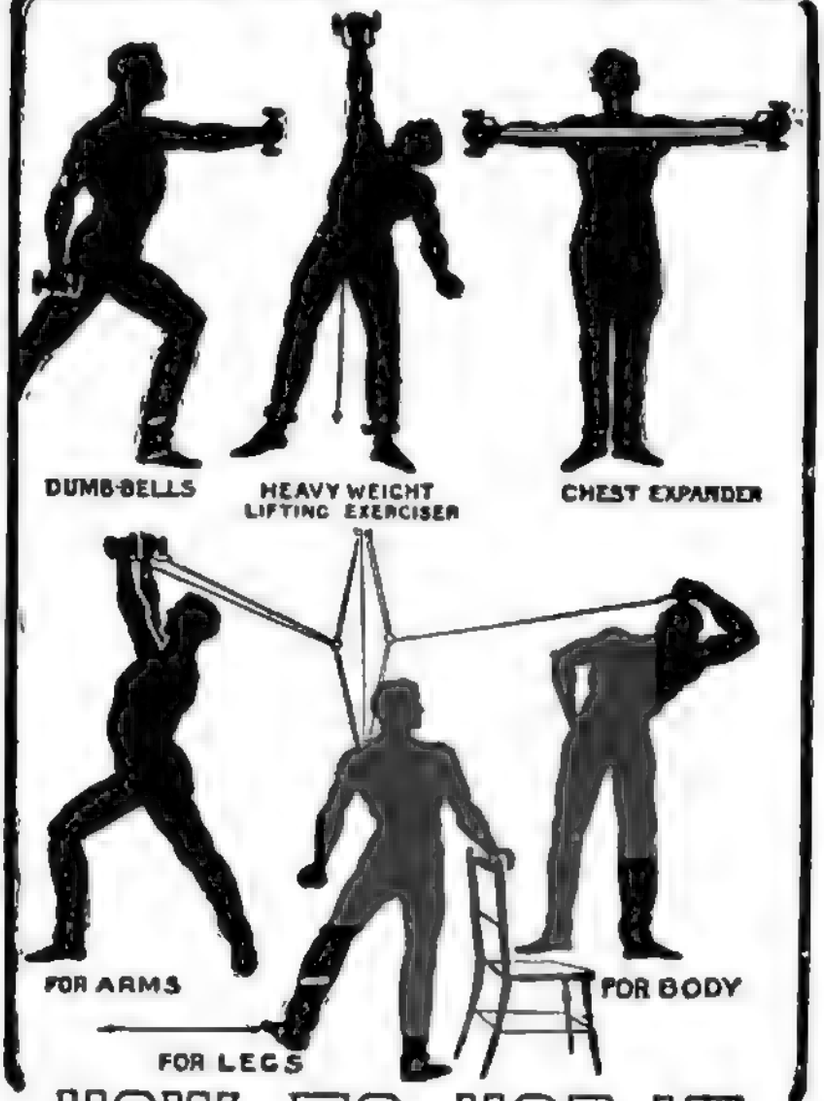

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"**The high priestess** of beauty resides in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. Her house is the resort of great numbers of ladies who seek her professional advice and assistance. Here comes the young lady of title who wishes to be presented at Court, but whose uncomely arms she is naturally ashamed of exposing to public view. Here comes the lady trembling on the threshold of the 'old maid' age, who ascribes her ill-luck to an ugly 'port-wine' stain disfiguring her right cheek. Here comes the charming widow whose first experience of matrimony has encouraged her to a second trial, and who wishes to improve her chance by the erasure of premature wrinkles. Here, also, come the little governess, the typewriter-girl, the milliner's assistant, and the shop-girl, who know the value of good looks in a business career, and who have put aside some of their earnings for a visit to the beauty doctor. Here, also, come numbers of men, for it is not the fair sex only who believe in the power of good looks. Men have their little vanities, even though they talk about them less than their sisters. But it is not vanity alone which brings a man here. He can hardly be accused even of that amiable vice if he is the victim of a large wart at the tip of his nose, or if he is hindered, perhaps in temperance work, by a nose as red as Bardolph's, and without that worthy's excuse."

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The waiting rooms for ladies and gentlemen are entirely separate.

Mrs. Ballin was the first to popularise electrolysis, which still remains the ONLY SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF TREATMENT for birthmarks, moles, superfluous hair, and many other facial blemishes. During the twelve years that she has been in practice she has successfully treated over twelve thousand cases.

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and H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece, the Princess Beatrice, Victoria, Maude, and Hohenlohe use "Koko" for the Hair, and speak very highly of it. Supplied by Special Commands to H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.

Windsor Castle—

Colonel G. J. Ivey wrote:—I can conscientiously state that "Koko" for the Hair has performed all you say. I have found it most efficacious, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends.

KOKO IS
DELIGHTFULLY
COOLING,
REFRESHING and
INVIGORATING, and
INVARIABLY PLEASES ALL.

KOKO, being a strong Nerve Tonic, is Strengthening to the Brain.

A Doctor writes: (The original may be seen at the Company's Offices). Gentlemen,—After using your "Koko" for over six months, I must acknowledge its superiority over any other dressing for the hair which I have tried. It keeps the head perfectly cool, and it *does* eradicate dandriff and gives the hair a fine glossy appearance. The medical treatment of dandriff may be summed up in six words—viz., "Keep the head saturated with oil." No doubt this is efficient; but if we adopt this method, the head becomes dirty, for the simple reason that all moving particles are caught and retained by the oil; and again, bed-linen is rendered disgusting by being stained. Now, your "Koko" possesses none of these disadvantages, and is equally, if not more effectual. It is for this reason that I prefer it to any other dressing. Since first trying it I have used no other, and have great pleasure in recommending it to my friends and patients. I send you this little note merely to let you know how well pleased I am with your preparation.

KOKO is used by the Princesses of our Royal Family.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 1/6.

Any person forwarding this Coupon with P.O. for 1/6 and Four Stamps to pay postage, will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One regular 12-oz. Bottle of KOKO for the Hair**, the price of which is 4/6, provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all orders with Coupons to—

THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, Bevis Marks, E.C., and 1/6 only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, &c., at 1/-, 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

For the sake of a greater profit, you may be asked to buy some other Hair preparation. In justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having KOKO.

"I Find Nothing so Refreshing and Nourishing after a severe feat of strength," is the testimony of a famous Athlete (Mr. Launceston Elliot), on

Cadbury's Cocoa

It is a perfect food beverage possessing all the essentials necessary for the nourishment of the body. Highly beneficial to young and old at all times and all seasons.

DELICIOUS, SOOTHING, AND EASILY DIGESTED.

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CADBURY'S COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE therefore BEST.

BOVRIL MAKES MUSCLE

and gives vigour. This is because it consists not only of the stimulating qualities of the meat, but also of the flesh-forming principles. By replacing the tissue and energy used up in physical exercise, **BOVRIL** ensures the effects of the exertion being "good and all good."

EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*The Editor will at all times be glad to consider articles, stories and sketches addressed to him at* 17 *&* 18, *Basinghall Street, E.C., but in order to avoid waste of time, contributors would do well to submit suggestions for his approval before sending in their work. In no case can the Editor be responsible for the safety of unsolicited sketches and literary matter, but where stamps are enclosed he will do his best to secure their return if unsuitable. When Photos are to be returned, contributors should state so clearly on the back of each.*

The Editor has great pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been completed by which the Magazine is now published punctually on the first of the month.

Fresh copy for advertisments must be sent in before the 16th of this month, or the advertisement will be printed as in the previous month.

The subscription to SANDOW'S MAGAZINE *is 8s. 6d. per annum, post free, and should be forwarded to the Manager,* 17 *&* 18, *Basinghall Street, E.C.*

Volumes VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. and XI., bound in handsome cover, will be supplied for 4/6 each. Cloth Cases, price 1/-, post free 1/3, can be obtained on application.

To My Readers.

This being the last chance I shall have of getting in touch with my readers before a new volume of the magazine commences, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your past support, and at the same time asking for a renewal of your confidence throughout the coming year.

As you will have seen, improvements of every kind are being introduced in the magazine monthly, and with this issue I have the pleasure of placing before you a fac-simile of the cover lithographed in colours, as a special supplement, in order to enable you to place it in the bound volume.

With regard to our policy for 1904: We intend so improving the magazine as to make it one of the finest and most interesting on the market. We have been fortunate enough to secure permission of the Autotype Company, New Oxford Street (acknowledged to be the finest reproducers of old or new masters), to make use of their choicest reproductions, which will be included in a series of articles on Physical Manhood and Womanhood in Art, and which will be thoroughly treated from the physical side of the subject. This in addition to innumerable articles on Physical Culture and all branches of sport, profusely illustrated, should make the magazine appeal to every class of reader.

It is well known I have but one object in view, namely, to create interest in a subject which I am convinced is of the utmost importance to the nation as a whole, and if the magazine continues to bring converts to physical culture in the same gratifying manner it has done in the past, then I shall feel that I have not laboured in vain.

I take this opportunity of wishing my readers all the Compliments of the coming festal Season, and trust that the New Year may see that ideal upon which I have set my mind,—a national system of physical culture, realised by the aid of those upon whose support I count so much.

THE EDITOR.

OF

PHYSICAL CULTURE, SPORT AND FICTION.

The Stage Physical.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Sandow.

MY readers will no doubt have noticed that the series of articles under the above heading, from the pen of my esteemed contributor, Mr. F. Neville Piggott, has thus early been suspended.

I have thought it judicious to intervene at this early stage to lay before my readers a letter that I have recently received from one of our foremost actor-managers, of so extraordinary a nature that I have thought it right to publish it in full. Had this letter been signed by a secretary I should have hesitated to publish before making some inquiries as to its authenticity, but any doubts I might have had on this point are removed by the fact that it is signed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree personally. For the purpose of the above-named series of articles I approached many of our leading actors, asking for their views on the subject, and I am glad to be able to say that in response I have been the recipient of many expressions of encouragement, so that Mr. Tree's letter comes, if I may say so, somewhat in the nature of a rebuff. It reads as follows:—

His Majesty's Theatre, October 29th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, I do not see that my opinion as to the physical culture of actors can be of much value to you or to the public. I should imagine that muscular culture would be rather bad for the actor as it would for the violin player.

I remain, yours truly,

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

Now I do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Tree claims to speak with any authority on behalf of violinists, therefore, so far as

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES.
(Some physical energy would be required to bend this bow.)

this class of artist is concerned, I need be but brief, reserving to myself the right to return to it on some more convenient occasion. I believe it to be a fact that some of the greatest violin virtuosi have been of poor physique, and, unfortunately, of still poorer health. Paganini himself, as far as one can learn, had no health to speak of, but surely such inspired individuals cannot be held up as examples to the rest of humanity. They constitute laws unto themselves, they are beings apart. Even with them, however, we find that in order to maintain their mastery over the instrument they practice frequently five to six hours a day; sometimes for even more. To attain—what? The etherial portion of their art? No; what is termed the technique, or the mechanical part. In other words, the training of the muscles to obey the impulse of the brain. Is not this itself muscle culture?—of a one-sided sort I sorrowfully admit—but it suggests a question that deserves serious consideration, viz.:—Would the fact that the artist had developed his body and organs as a harmonious whole tend to detract from his artistic capabilities? In this connection it is comforting to refer to the opinion of Mr. Paderewski, probably the greatest musical genius of the present age, who, through the pages of one of the early numbers of this magazine, disclaimed the contention that physical culture impaired his art. He expressed himself as follows:—

"Music is an affair of the emotions and the brain, and, of course, no amount of muscular development could transform a bad executant into a good one. But it is well to remember that in the case of pianoforte playing the message of the brain has to be interpreted by muscular action, and the more highly trained are the muscles, the more harmoniously working the nervous system, the nearer is it possible for the player to succeed in getting that which he produces to approximate to that which he conceives and feels. Not only this, but the more capable is he of interpreting his feelings, the more does he feel. Thought and conception and the power of interpretation act and re-act upon one another."

If further proof be needed, I would refer my readers to some remarks concerning Miss Maud MacCarthy, the famous Australian violinist, which were reproduced from "The Times" in the July, 1900, issue of this magazine. "The Times" gave its verdict that "Miss Maud MacCarthy's place amongst the first violinists of the day was fast being established, and the time cannot now be long until she is universally recognised as one of the most artistic performers before the public. She has been an enthusiastic pupil of the Sandow system for some time, and to this she attributes much of her success.

Taking Mr. Tree's statement seriously, I made an endeavour, and a successful one, I am pleased to say, to obtain an expression of opinion direct from the mouth of one of, if not the greatest, violinist of the present day.

It was through the kind instrumentality of the famous impressario, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, who is himself a keen advocate and follower of physical culture, that I was able to obtain an interview with the great violinist Kubelik. In the course of an interesting conversation, Mr. Kubelik expressed himself as follows: "I myself find it absolutely necessary to exercise the muscles systematically, with the object of keeping the organs of the body in a healthy condition."

But as I said before I shall return to this subject at some future occasion.

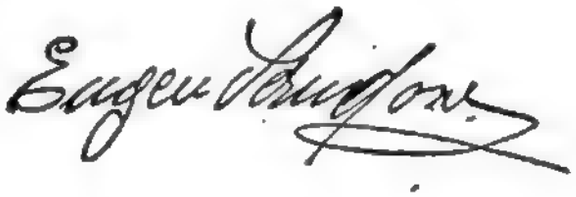
It remains, therefore, for me to consider Mr. Tree's expression of opinion regarding the actor, for whom he undoubtedly speaks with high authority, and it is precisely the high authority of his remarks that induces me to treat the matter so seriously. It is to be remarked that in my letter to him I used the words "physical culture"; in his reply Mr. Tree refers to "muscle culture," which will equally serve my purpose, although my words cover a wider field. Mr. Tree says, "Muscle culture is bad for the actor"; he does not say that abnormal development of the external muscles would be bad—in which case I would have cordially agreed with him. In his condemnation of the culture of the muscles in the actor he necessarily includes the heart, the breathing mechanism, and generally those organs of the body which enable it to withstand the enormous physical and nervous strain to which the actor is subjected in the pursuance of his difficult profession.

Fencing, deportment, dancing, form excellent opportunities for the culture of muscle. These, according to Mr. Tree's dictum, are to be discarded as bad for the actor.

Elocution, or the proper speaking of lines on the stage, necessitates a thoroughly developed muscular breathing mechanism, the culture of which, if Mr. Tree's opinion be correct, is bad for the actor. Mr. Tree may have reached his present eminence in his profession by the exclusion of all these items from his course of training. Personally, I doubt it.

I have read that Mr. Tree is lending his powerful influence to the formation of a school for acting. It would be interesting to know if he proposes to exclude from the curriculum everything which would promote the culture of the muscles in aspiring pupils; if so, it would indeed be unfortunate, for I can see, if such should be the case, a return to the days of the Bunthorn class of individual, made famous by Mr. W. S. Gilbert in his famous comic opera "Patience." Just imagine, if you can, our stage filled with men lacking all knowledge of fencing, deportment, or how to breathe properly!

Now Mr. Tree is a gentleman of intellect and of considerable attainments, so that it leads me to speculate as to what he actually meant in condemning muscle culture for the actor. Perhaps he may yet give his views in greater detail, and somewhat modify his most astounding opinion. In that case, I shall at least have accomplished something, for I shall have been able to bring home to the actor, and through him to the public, a knowledge of what physical culture really is, and the extent to which, through its means, the individual is influenced in his search for health, happiness, and success, no matter what station of life he may fill. I pause for a reply.



Henley.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

HENLEY is the most frivolous place on the Thames and the most popular. Every year,

"When the great blades cleave and hold and leave
As one on the racing stroke,"

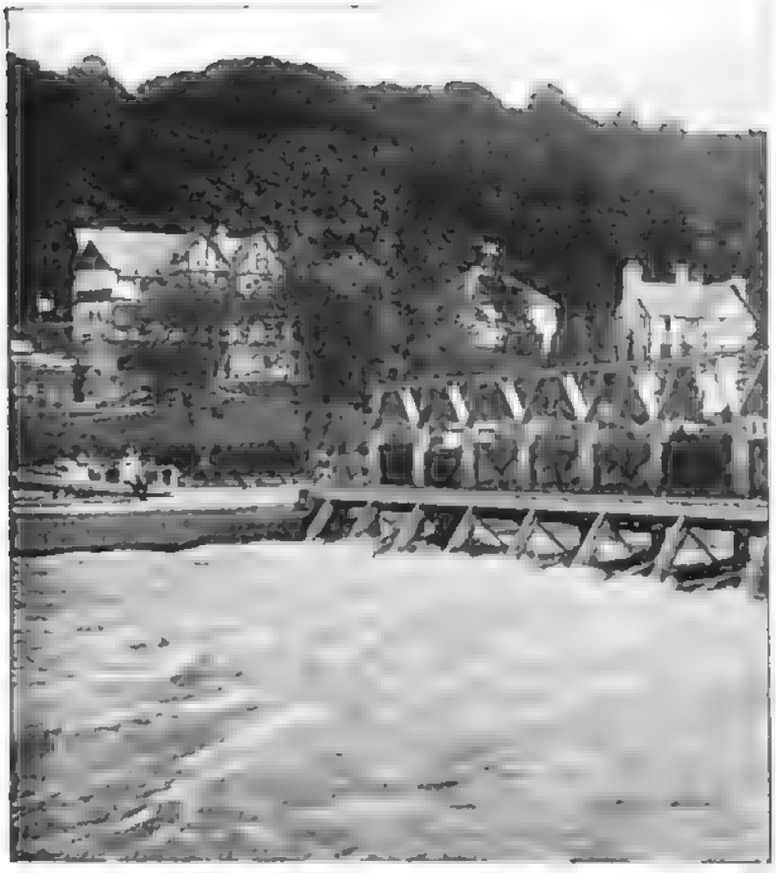
the waterway sparkles with the myriad colours of the gay dames who throng, in punt and skiff and houseboat and canoe, to watch the stalwart oarsmen shoot along Henley Reach. The trees in the pride of summer green, and the long low hills in the distance, form an apt setting for a light-hearted, sunny scene.

What a moment it is when the puff of white steam from the funnel of the umpire's launch announces that sixteen oars are driving through the water with all the skill and strength and style that the sixteen oarsmen can exhibit! The flashing of the blades, far away on the river, growing nearer with incredible speed, sends a glow of excitement through every spectator.

Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley.]

HENLEY REGATTA.

The gaiety of the whole is so pretty and so charming that somehow one feels that Henley, at least, has been laughing since the world began. The open air joyous inconse-



Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley.]

MARSH WEIR, SUMMER FLOOD, 1903.

quence of the performance gives it its power of enchantment. The whole of one's interest in life is centred for a supreme moment on the fortunes of a race that passes like the glitter of a silver meteor on a dark sky.

It is curious, now that water sports have become so much a part of our open-air life, to look back to the Henley of early in the last century, and beyond that to the first English boat-racing of which we know. The earliest existing record of a race on the Thames tells of a contest for a trophy presented by Doggett, an actor very famous in his day, in the year 1715. This race for "Doggett's Coat and Badge" has been an annual event ever since. So that Thames rowing has a history extending over nearly two hundred years.

At Oxford the first written accounts of rowing races are dated 1837, but I learn from the Badminton volume on rowing that there are circumstantial legends of races as early as 1815.

Henley Regatta was started by a number of enthusiasts in 1839, when rowing was just coming into popular favour. Races had been rowed at Henley before this date, but the actual Regatta only then came into being. The Regatta, as first founded, was not a scheme of any great size, so that races were added to the programme in succeeding years. Thus the Diamond Sculls, now one of Henley's favourite events, was first rowed in 1844, five seasons after the establishment of the Regatta.

The Stewards' Cup has been raced for by fours since 1842. The Grand Challenge Cup has been the event of events from the first regatta to the present day, when, with the Diamond Sculls, the Ladies' Plate and the Visitors' Challenge Cup, it shares the utmost popularity.

It is interesting to notice that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race had its origin in the contests at Henley, in which the two Universities met.

Many and many are the exciting races that have been seen at Henley since 1839, but none more famous than that in which seven oars of Oxford beat the Cambridge eight. This was in 1843, when the Oxford Captain, Mr. Menzies, was taken suddenly ill just before starting time. Cambridge, after first chivalrously offering to postpone the

Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley

PUTTING YOUNG TROUT AND SALMON INTO THE THAMES AT HENLEY.

race for an hour to give Mr. Menzies a chance of recovery, declined to contest against inferior numbers. Later, however, on being informed that the honour would fall to the Oxford men in the absence of a competitor, they agreed to race, with the result that, in spite of herculean efforts, they were defeated with a finish that aroused perhaps more enthusiasm than any before which the races were first rowed. At first the boats started from Regatta Island, rowing up stream past Remenham, finishing close to Henley Bridge. The bend at Poplar Point, between Remenham and the finish, made the inside by far the easiest place; so that schemes were brought forward for equalising the conditions of the race.

Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley.]

MARSH WEIR TAIL, SUMMER FLOOD, 1903.

or since. The chair of the Oxford University Boat Club is a permanent memento of the race. It was made entirely from the boat in which the seven men rowed to victory. The blades of the seven oars are ranged round its back.

The course is not exactly that on

In 1886 a great improvement was effected by starting the boats further down stream, below Regatta Island, moving the finish accordingly to Poplar Point.

In the early days the races must have been a sight almost prettier than in these, for the crews not only vied with each other in oars-

manship, but also in dress. The men wore brilliant colours, further decorating themselves with gaudy tassels and rosettes.

Many people do not know that Henley invites not only English but foreign oarsmen to take part in her competitions. Of course, the first man to accept the invitation was an American, Mr. E. Smith, who entered for the Diamonds. Teams and oarsmen have come to Henley from New York, Toronto, Winnipeg, Frankfurt, Berlin, France, Canada and Holland. Indeed, on several occasions trophies have left England with victorious foreigners.

But Henley is not always watching races, or even providing boats whence others may do so; though, doubtless, she would gladly perform this office if our horrible climate would let her. Henley Reach in winter is a vastly different scene from the Henley of the Regatta day. And yet, when the river is frozen, Henley, frivolous as ever, provides what enjoyment she can for those who care to seek her hospitality. The well-clothed and warmly-wrapped skaters of the sixth picture are enjoying themselves in the way all visitors to Henley do—that is, on the water. They are gliding about over Henley Royal Regatta Reach as if ice was the natural condition of the Thames, and boats were things unknown.

It is indeed hard to realise, when looking at this sixth picture, that it represents a scene identical with that shown in the first. And it is still more difficult to recognise the familiar trees when they stand half-buried by the floods, as shown in the illustration below.

A regatta under such conditions as those of the winter floods would be a stupendous affair, but terribly cold. But though boating on them is scarcely enjoyable, the floods are a sight well worth a trip up the river to see. The water comes racing, roaring, tumbling and leaping over the Marsh Weir in a tossing sea of angry foam. My illustrations show both the summer and winter floods. The beauty of the churning white froth of the torrent, with the green foliage for background, is very great; while in winter the great expanse of water, in its broad sweep down the Regatta Reach, has an effect more American than English.

Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley.]

HENLEY REGATTA REACH, WINTER FLOOD, 1894.

One other interesting function takes place at Henley, and one that particularly affects the angler. Young trout and salmon are reared artificially from spawn in extensive hatcheries. They are grown with the utmost care, for, with fish as with other wild creatures, artificial conditions are never absolutely perfect. Then, when they have reached a size and strength that will enable

them to fend for themselves, they are taken to Henley in specially constructed metal cans, and are then dumped into the river. The author of the "Curiosities of Natural History" did perhaps more than anyone else to awaken interest in the re-stocking of rivers with the rapidly-disappearing fish. For his writings and work the thanks of all anglers are due.

Skating for winter pleasure-seekers, boating for summer oarsmen, fish for the anglers, and regattas for the frivolous—laughing Henley supplies them all. It is hard indeed to leave, too. But go, and Henley smiles as merrily as ever. She has seen thousands go before you, she knows that thousands are to come, and, like the dainty coquette that she is, she will flirt with each one more enchantingly than with the one before.

Photo, Marsh Bros., Henley.]

HENLEY REGATTA COURSE, WINTER.

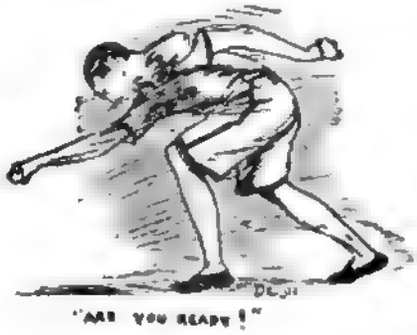
THE AVON AT FORDINGBRIDGE:
A November Day.

Morals in Athletics.

By G. WOOD.

CAREFUL distinction is made generally between "Sports" and "Athletics," yet in the latter there are no more common expressions used than "Sportsmanlike" and "Unsportsmanlike." This phrase-borrowing has arisen from the fact that the boundary line between sports and athletics is really very moveable and at times very indefinite, becoming in places a mere abstraction—a mathematical line. And on the other side, with equally indefinite boundaries, lies "Pastimes"; so that "Athletics" is a kind of no-man's land of variable extent, encroached on, on either side, by "Sports" or "Pastimes." Considering "Athletics" as synonymous with "Games," for whose existence a certain rivalry is necessary, as of one eleven playing another, under the same heading we should have to consider polo, pigeon shooting, and even racing: for these also introduce the element of one man (or more) against another (or others) in a spirit of rivalry. In shooting, fishing and some other sports (recognised as such) this other-man element is wanting, unless we consider that the object of the shot or of the catch takes the place of the opponent, as might well be the case in big-game shooting or in whale-fishing.

Perhaps the distinction is that in games the players have to depend entirely on their own efforts, either single-handed or as part of a side; while in these sports, which seem to be of the nature of games, the player is only a part — the thinking part —of the apparatus: the man and his polo pony, the jockey and his racer. But even then there would be some want of definition; the pigeon-shooter, for instance, can hardly consider that the pigeons are the other part of the necessary apparatus—rather are they the opponent, and the gun merely takes the place of the bat or racquet of the game. Again, under this heading "Games" we should find such items as "Spillikins," or the game of "Throwing cards into a hat," with a host of others which are more generally recognised as pastimes: these, in their proper place, are indoor athletics, so we might distinguish our other athletics as outdoor games.



"ARE YOU READY?"

But whatever the distinction or difference between athletics, sports, and pastimes may be, are we to judge of the morals and manners of the players or of the performers from the same point of view in every case? Are "sportsmanlike" and "unsportsmanlike" to be the final expression of "right" and "wrong" in all alike? Can we apply the ethics of the big-game shooter, for instance (if he has any), to the football player and cricketer?

It will be said that the right or the wrong way of playing any game is strictly defined by the rules of that game; but surely these rules are for the game itself, differentiating that one from others and determining merely

how it shall be played, if the contest is to come under the heading of that particular game: for fear, perhaps, lest the stronger side (physically) should insist on both sides playing some new variation suited to themselves only—for instance, should a bowler insist on throwing seven balls in an over, and the batsman refusing to play the last ball be ejected by superior force if his wicket be hit.

A player of a game may keep to its rules, thus "playing the game," as the saying is, and yet without infringing these same rules in any way he may do something that is termed "unsportsmanlike," and he will be accused of having *not* played the game. There is, then, some moral code attached to rules of the game which he has offended—at least, in the judgment of the so called sportsman; and the question arises: Is there a system of ethics that applies to every game (or sport, or pastime) and to the way in which it should be conducted, apart from the rules of the game?

Rules, and laws generally, admit of a dual interpretation, that according to the letter of the law and that according to the spirit. This latter interpretation forms what are called "the unwritten laws" of the game, and it is in offending these that a player is spoken of as "unsportsmanlike." So that it is this unwritten law that directs the moral playing of the game. But where are these unwritten laws written? Do not they belong to the particular system of ethics of certain individuals, recognised by them, but not necessarily by others? Are "the others" morally deficient in not recognising them? In nearly all cases of offence against these so-called unwritten laws public opinion is divided; one half of the critical public will cry "unsportsmanlike" (we must, perforce, use the word, having no better); the other half "played the game." Not that the general public is to be the judge of what is right or wrong; and yet, if it were ever unanimous on any moral point whatever of any game, public opinion might help to write one of these unwritten laws and to lay the foundation of a system of ethics for athletics.

One censor there is in all outdoor games—the referee or umpire—but he is only judge of offence against the rules of the game as such; he is in no better position to judge of the morality of the players as regards the game than any individual player himself. If he arrogates to himself the moral censorship, he gives judgment and exacts penalties entirely from his own standard of morality—he may not recognise even the unwritten laws—and, in so doing, he may himself become the greatest offender of all, tacitly preaching and actually practising a false and dangerous system of ethics. But fortunately the general public has been quick to grasp the absurdity, or worse, of the umpire or referee setting himself up as judge of the moral play, so to speak; nothing is of commoner occurrence in football matches than that the referee, wrongly asserting himself on some question of morals outside his province as upholder of the rules of the game, is hustled or stoned off the field by a part at least of the discerning public.

It is only possible to determine anything definite about the moral play of games by examining various cases wherein the morality of the players has been questioned; from such critical examination we may hope to build up some system or code of ethics to be generally adopted. We consider two cases that occur fairly frequently in our national game, cricket. The batsman, after playing at and missing a rising ball, thinks that the wicket-keeper has thrown the ball back to the bowler; he promptly walks down the wicket to smooth the pitch at the spot from which the ball kicked, and the wicket-keeper as promptly removes the bails. Or, again, a fast bowler with a break back from the off, deliberately bowls short and at the batsman. The batsman, after being dangerously hit once or twice, may make a risky stroke

either from some feeling of temper or from some regard for his own person, and is "outed"; or he may be carried into the pavilion seriously damaged. In both of these cases the batsman is out, and in accordance with the strict letter of the law; but is there any moral law which forbids such cricket, or is it, on the other hand, morally "good"?

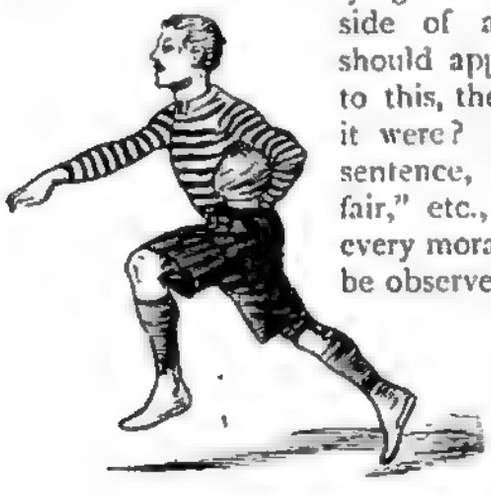
The individual player's duty is, in the first place, to play for the good of his side. In so doing he may have to sacrifice his own honour and glory; where it is of "good" to his side, he may at times play entirely "for his own hand," so to speak. The object of his side is to win the game, so that in "outing" an opponent the player does "good." And so, in stumping an opponent who thinks that the ball is dead, or in bowling to frighten or to injure, the cricketer is morally right, even though in the first case the "good" is, as it were, unintentional—the batsman affording the opportunity. It may happen, in the wicket-keeping incident, that the umpire, wrongfully arrogating to himself the power of judgment outside the rules of the game, refuses to give the batsman out: he is, in such case, ranging himself on the side of the opponents, and should be treated as such. That is to say, the player has not only to use his ingenuity to get rid of his opponents, but he must also use skill in defeating—that is, in deceiving—the umpire. In any case, whether or no the umpire has become a partizan of one side or the other, the player is morally right in tricking the umpire, by doing so he does "good" to his side. If the umpire finds him out and awards some penalty in his position as judge of the rules of the game, the player who broke these rules has done "wrong" morally, in that his side suffers through him.

Apart from trying to deceive the umpire, the player who pays due regard to the morals of the game can do much for the "good" of his side. His "good-doing" is no longer unintentional; he tries, if he is wicket-keeper, to entice the batsman out of his ground (the means we need not discuss); if he is a fielder, he copies the "good" example of the bowler and throws at the batsman with intent to partially disable him.

With reference to a player attempting to defeat the umpire, we will take another example from the other great English game, football. Tripping is against the rules of the game, and yet it is there, and has become a recognised factor of the play. It might be said that, by custom and by the concensus of opinion of a majority of players, the opposite to the rule has become law. And, morally speaking, this opposition to the rules of the game is right; no distinction is made in the rules between accidental and deliberate tripping, so that a player may pay the penalty and do "wrong" as regards his side unintentionally. Therefore he should trip intentionally, in that so doing he is the more likely to be able to escape the notice of the umpire and to do "good" to his side, momentarily ridding them of an opponent. But such disablement, and consequently the good done, is but temporary, and may be likened to the "good" done by the wicket-keeper in the first cricket case. In cricket the bowler had more opportunity of doing "good" to his side, by disabling a batsman, either totally or at least for a considerable time; and so, in football, the player who can totally disable an opponent is doing the most "good" to his side, apart from any feeling of pleasure that he himself experiences from his act. In that thereby he escapes any penalty; the player should attempt this disablement at first in accordance with the ordinary rules of the game (by a very heavy

charge, for instance); but failing this, he is morally bound to place himself against the umpire, so to speak, and to effect his object in accordance with the custom of the game, defeating the umpire at the same time, if this custom has not become recognised among the written laws of the game (by kicking his opponent severely, for instance, when he knows that the umpire cannot see him). The player who has a real regard for the ethics of play will be very careful not to incur the charge of doing "wrong" to his side by being discovered and penalised by the umpire—the civil judge of the game.

In these particular examples we have seen the application of two great moral laws, "Do anything for the good of your side," and "Do not do harm to your side by penalising it through yourself." On these two laws, the record of which might be reduced to the more elegant form, "Do not be found out," we might well found a system of ethics for the playing of all games; and, indeed, these same rules of moral play apply equally well to all sports and pastimes. It is noteworthy that we have arrived logically at the application to athletics of the great dictum, "All is fair in love and war." We might have been justified in applying this from the beginning, but it is perhaps more instructive to have reached it by working from first principles. For war is generally recognised as the greatest of "sports"—some few place it second only to hunting, but they are biased—and love is universally accepted as the greatest of "pastimes." What, then, is more likely than that the ethics of love and war, the extremes, yet of the same kind, lying one on either side of athletics, should apply equally to this, the mean, as it were? This one sentence, "All is fair," etc., embraces every moral truth to be observed in these, the greatest of sports and the greatest of pastimes; it is the sign-post distinguishing between right and wrong, and points at once to every law, civil, criminal or moral, to be observed by whomsoever would exercise himself in these two great fields. It is the law, by an unwavering consent of public opinion, by the right of antiquity, by the time-honoured practice of individuals. It is moral law also for athletics, the less included in the greater, love and war. And so "Do anything for the good of your side" becomes "All is fair in athletics." We have taken instances from cricket and football only, but enough has been said to show how the same moral code can be applied to all games wherein the player forms a unit of a side. In athletics there is a large class of games in which the player performs single-handed. He may play the game in this case either in order to win or in order to reap glory for himself by showing his skill, irrespective of any wish to win. In the second case the player's sole object is to please himself, whether he attains this by his inward satisfaction of playing up to his "form," as the saying is, or from the praise and applause heaped upon him by a discerning public. The game, as such, ceases to exist, and with it disappears the necessity of any moral code. The rivalry so necessary to the game, and provocative of good or bad moral play, is not there. If the player plays in order to win, he is bound by the same moral code that he was when performing on a side. To do "good" to his side—that is, to himself—must be his aim; and this "good" is done if he can partially or totally disable his opponent. And here, in a way, a player can do no wrong, since he himself is the only one concerned in his doings. It might be said that with the total disablement of the opponent the game ceases to be. It does so that particular game, in that the player has won it by ending it. The intelligent athlete will be able to apply for himself this beauti-



ful system of ethics to whatever single-handed game he may be playing. One instance we might give from golf, a form of athletics in which there is much scope for moral play. The player would evidently win the game should he have sufficient nerve to slay his opponent with his inblick; but he must be careful to conceal the act (by burying his late opponent in a sand bunker, or by other means) from the umpires—for so they might also be called—the caddies, for criminal law does not recognise the niceties of moral law.

We have mentioned in particular the application of this moral code to football and cricket only, but the application is the same for all other branches of athletics, and can be made by the athlete himself.

All games alike will be benefited by this system of ethics, by this moral play; the casual "sharp practice," the casual "foul play," that is so noticeable in many games as played at the present time, will be done away with entirely. A new and greater zest, a more "sportsmanlike" keenness, will be aroused, and the game will truly be played for the sake of the game.

The Home Makers.

"OH, what do you do if it refuses to turn out?" asks the young housewife in despair.

Of course we go to the South-Western Polytechnic, run our eyes down the long list of classes which range from A to Z, from Ambulance to Zoology, and are soon in consultation with those who can easily help the young housekeeper over her "Pons Asinorum." Not that the Chelsea Polytechnic is wholly, or indeed mainly, devoted to the teaching of domestic arts. It is a training school for specialists of all sorts. But perhaps the most striking feature of the institution is, on account of its comparative novelty, the School of Domestic Economy for Girls and Women. The junior members, who mostly come in by virtue of scholarships won in the Board Schools or under the L.C.C. Technical Education Board, are taught separately from the women, as naturally the course of training is different.

The domestic arts are taught systematically and scientifically, not as incidental occupations of the home, but as things worth doing for themselves, and worth doing well as a professional duty. Most people suppose that such things come, as Dogberry said reading and writing came, by nature. To wash, and to iron, and to mend, and to cook are assumed to be the common, intuitive knowledge of women. Yet these things to be done well must be taught.

"The widow can bake, the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew."

It is more important that the wife should do these things, and that the servants who help both wife and widow should do them well. The poets, indeed, have never failed to ad-

Photo by W. S. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.

STAFF DRILL.

jure women to practise the arts of the house.

"Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie,"

sang the maidens in *Ralph Roister Doister* three hundred and fifty years ago. Even in America, the land of the emancipated, the poet pictures women at their domestic tasks. So Walt Whitman (in the unauthorised version by the late H. C. Bunner) sang of

> "The Kitchen; the housewife sprinkling the clothes for the fine ironing to-morrow—it is Third-day night, and the plain things are already iron'd, now in cupboards, in drawers stowed away."

A generation or two ago the palpable value of these domestic accomplishments in the matrimonial market might have sufficed; by such means and not otherwise do women make serviceable cages for their captures, not useless nets. It is a commonplace of the comic papers, here in rare accord with life, that the romance of love (after marriage) is sustained by good cookery. There is more in the science of cooking than most eaters wot of and still more in the science of cooking well and wasting nothing. Conducted round the kitchen where a big dinner was being served up we succumbed to the temptation to taste. In our judgment the flavour of the boiled beans and bacon would have brought water into the mouth of a City alderman. The lack of a good cook is more fatal to domestic happiness than the want of art muslin. But the emancipation of women has affected the ideal of education. In an age of bachelor-women these things are not less important, but of less universal appeal. The woman who spends her life in competition with men, in what—however erroneously—was thought a man's work, will need less personal knowledge of feminine arts. But the total need will not be less. The woman who becomes a member of a profession must have these things done for her, as her brother must for him. The work will fall into other hands, but those hands must be more competent.

It is this need which the School of Domestic Economy for Girls is designed to meet. The School "is intended for girls who have obtained an elementary education and desire special training in the subjects of Domestic Economy." There is no thought in the minds of the management of a training for the marriage market, but a school for competent women workers that is intended. And how much there is to learn! The mere man set to do ironing would (after burning his fingers) scorch his silk pyjamas, not knowing that silk requires less heat than linen; would leave the front of his shirt "rough-dry," and would never know that there is a right side and a wrong side to iron.

It is a revelation to see the ideal arrangement of wash-tubs and laundry apparatus, and with delight one notes the zest of the young students in the work. The girls bring their own washing, and a touch of local colour is added to the soapsuds by the variety of garments under treatment—here is the strong unbleached calico of some sturdy workman, and yonder the billowy bosom of a boiled shirt destined to swell with the emotions of a local borough councillor. As we stop for a few moments to watch the busy class of ironers we overhear a remark, "This is father's bib and tucker for Sunday," and a glance at the shirt and collar outfit makes one feel sorry that he isn't "father on Sunday." The watchful eye of the instructress is upon us, however, and we are not allowed to hinder. Everything that is done is well done or "done until it is well done." A trained girl can iron a dress shirt easily in ten minutes, the instructress tells us.

The girl taught dressmaking at the Polytechnic will make her own patterns instead of spoiling her materials by the aid of paper patterns given away with The Superbest Novelette. In course of time the school may even revolutionise the popular taste in hats. The "fevvers" which wave over Hampstead Heath on a bank holiday may give way to the less expensive trimmings

PAINTING. CHEMISTRY.

MODELLING.

AN INTERVAL. ANATOMY.

Photo by W. C. Campbell, 7, Cecil Lane, E.C.]

which appeal more strongly to a critical taste. A girl will learn here from quieter models the art and mystery of millinery, will be trained to have a taste and judgment of her own, and not to bow at the imperious dictates of the lady whose sign says "Modes et Robes." Whatever experiences the career of a bachelor-woman may afford, the bachelor in lodgings complains loudly of incompetent domestic work. The glasses are insufficiently dried by the handmaidens untaught of Chelsea, and display the unwelcome imprint of a thumb.

DARNING.

CUTTING OUT. LAMP TRIMMING. GLASS CLEANING.

IRONING.

The darning of his socks is "cobbled" and lumpy, not effected, as fine darning should be, with a fine needle and fine wool. The laundry work is notoriously defective. All these things will be different when the new education has permeated the world of service.

This education is given at Chelsea, and one need not fear that the domestic arts will ever become obsolete. The essentials of life remain. An agricultural labourer, so far as his personal interest goes, might hear unmoved of a hostile coalition

Photos by W. S. Campbell, 2, Creed Lane, E.C.]

of all the Powers against us; springtide and harvest will not fail, or need fewer labourers, whatever betide. And the world will need good cooks, and demand that its clothes shall be well cut, and its houses well cared for, whatever cataclysms rend the firmament of politics.

The physical training of the students is undertaken by Fraulein Wilke, who makes it a point to combine the best features of all the modern systems of training. About fifty of the brightest, bonniest specimens of English girlhood we have seen for many a long day gave a short exhibition of their skill for our benefit, and one was delighted to learn that two American girls and one Canadian, a daughter of Bishop Reeves, of Mackenzie River District, Canada, were working before us, showing that some of our Western kith and kin know of and value this Polytechnic. Fraulein Wilke rather startled the writer by saying the German girls were stronger than their English sisters, the fact being due, she thought, to the military training of their fathers. But the charming instructress quickly added that in beauty English girls were miles ahead. This was satisfactory and consoling, as beauty is, after all, more commendable in women than bones.

The South-Western Polytechnic is under the very capable direction of Mr. Herbert Tomlinson, B.A., F.R.S. Educated at St. Paul's School, York, Mr. Tomlinson obtained an open Mathematical Studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and took Honours in the Final Schools in both Mathematics and Physics. After serving for twenty-four years as demonstrator of Natural Philosophy at King's College, Mr. Tomlinson was appointed, out of fifty-six applicants, Principal of the Polytechnic, in 1894. The Lady Superintendent of the School of Domestic Economy for Girls is Miss Cecilia S. Hogg, and the Polytechnic owes much to Mr. R. C. Antrobus, the Chairman of its Governing Body, who has given years of work to promoting its establishment and the success of its work.

Photo by W. S. Campbell, [2, *Creed Lane, E.C.*

FENCING AND GYMNASTICS.

The Physical Basis of Happiness.

By H. HOWARD HELY, B.A.

HOWEVER far back we search the records of the human race we find that desire for happiness which is one of the most distinguishing features of mankind. If at times this law of happiness has been set at defiance, it will be found on investigation that the exceptions are more apparent than real, and that duty or affection has prevented some men and women from enjoying what would otherwise have been happiness to them. When the poet sings of those "who scorn delight and live laborious days," we are not to suppose that such persons are necessarily unhappy, but rather that their happiness consists in pursuing what to them is the line of least resistance. If all men seek happiness it does not follow that there must be no diversity in their aspirations. We find the Epicureans (using the term in its popular acceptation) seeking happiness in the undisguised satisfaction of the senses, and in the pursuit of pleasure generally; while in direct opposition to them were the Stoics, who considered that happiness might be best attained by indifference to pleasure or pain. And last of all we have Christianity, which teaches "that a man's life" (that is, the higher life) "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

But while the Epicureans abused the body, and the Stoics despised it, we shall find later on that the teaching of Christianity recognises the fact that there is a physical side to our nature as well as a spiritual; and that while the latter is by far the most important, constituting indeed the real man, yet that God has ordained that we should come in contact with the present order of things through our bodies, which act in a most decided manner for good or evil upon the higher life of man.

Perhaps the ancient Greeks realised, more than any other people before or since, how important the cult of the body is, if men and women are to take their proper place in the world, and enjoy that happiness which Nature grants to those who submit to her laws. Their ideas on this subject probably find their best exposition in the "Republic" of Plato. The philosopher, after showing how important a knowledge of music is in the training of the ideal man, goes on to prove that an exclusive attention to music is apt to beget effeminacy, which may in its turn be cured by athletics; and points out, further, that the danger of becoming rough and coarse may be warded off by the study of music. Plato was so thoroughly convinced that good health is at the foundation of personal usefulness and happiness, that he saw no reason for prolonging by medical skill the lives of those who were incurably ill, on the grounds that they could be of no use to themselves or the State.

Plato lived, however, some four hundred years before the advent of Christianity, when the cult of the body had degenerated into something very different to what it was in his days. The world was now given over to sensual pleasures; a state of things which continued until it brought about the fall of the Roman Empire, which was swept away under the inroads of the barbarians, against whose athletic bodies, and unsapped strength, the mercenary band of the degenerate Romans could not prevail. It is only natural then that the New Testament should emphasize the difference between the life of the Spirit and the base uses to which the body had been brought. St. Paul in his writings gives different catalogues of the sins of the flesh; and terrible reading they make. And yet if we study them carefully, we find that the writers of the New Testament do not really condemn the body. St. Paul does not preach that we are to neglect the physical side of our nature; but the condition of the

times required that he should accentuate the dangers to which we are liable through the body. He had to point out and condemn those fleshly lusts that war against the soul. The physical culturist will not, however, find a better justification for his zeal than the following words of St. Paul: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have from God? And ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price; glorify God therefore in your body."

Still, it has taken centuries to remove the badge of disgrace which those times brought upon the human body. Christians seemed to look upon it as an instrument of the wicked one; and, indeed, when we consider the lives men led then and afterwards, it is not so surprising that they should do so.

It is perhaps only possible in these days of comparatively pure living, to realise that the body is not given to us to be trodden upon and neglected, or to be regarded as an instrument of sin, by those desirous of living the higher life.

Traces, however, of this way of thinking have not quite passed away; the result in England, perhaps, of that Puritan rule which, while it did undoubted good, carried things too far, and so became to some extent responsible for the excesses of the Restoration. George Eliot showed her knowledge of human nature when she writes of her charming heroine, Dorothea Brooke, that "Riding was an indulgence which she allowed herself in spite of conscientious qualms. She felt she enjoyed it in a pagan sensuous way and always looked forward to renouncing it." Here we have a young girl viewing with some distrust that glorious heritage of animal spirits and perfect health which belong to youth and innocence. Again, would-be moralists tell us that "Beauty is only skin deep," thereby showing their ignorance of science and philosophy. Some, too, would have us believe that bodily pain is necessary in the moral scheme of the universe, forgetting that it is not natural, or something to be viewed with indifference, but is rather Nature's red flag of distress, her admonition that the beneficent order of her rule has been for the time interrupted. In other words, pain is negative; health is positive.

This modern view of things is no doubt due to the advance in science, and a deeper study of nature. Physiology makes known to us the wonderful laws of the human frame; and the general study of nature shows us that we have no monopoly of those laws, but that we share them with the animals that occupy a lower plane in the scheme of creation. It is the overlooking of this last fact, together with the undue depreciation of the human body, which accounts for the cruelty to animals displayed in some Catholic countries, notably in Naples.

I now proceed to give some further reasons, taken from the ordinary experiences of mankind, to prove that there is a physical basis to happiness. At the outset, I am met with the objection, indirectly disposed of above, that the happiness of the good man is independent of the state of his body. To this it may be replied that such a person is happy in spite of his health, receiving his strength from the consolation of religion; and that he would probably consider the restoration of his health as the greatest blessing that Heaven could grant him. No one can deny that to sustain the afflicted is one of the chief offices of religion; but I should like to see religion identified more with health and animal spirits than is usually the case. Religion ought to make for health of body, and health of body, for religion. If the clergy paid greater attention to their physical appearance, they might meet with more success in some quarters.

Let us think for a moment how the body enters into our daily life. We hear, see, feel, and smell, by means of the body. If any of these avenues of outward perception become destroyed, or even impaired, our usefulness and happiness suffer a corresponding diminution. Take, for example, the sense of hearing. Unless one has the misfortune to be deaf, it requires some effort of imagination to realise what the impairing of this sense entails on the unfortunate sufferer; what it would mean to be cut off from all the familiar sounds of everyday life; to meet one's friends and feel the invisible barrier of silence stretch between; to experience amid the pulsating life of the tropics the death-like silence of the frozen north. Nor is this all: there are few walks in life in

which the efficiency of the worker is not seriously marred by defective hearing. On the other hand, we are so used to our sources of enjoyment, that a man would have to lose his hearing and recover it again, to fully realise how it enters into many of the pleasures of life. The discourse of friends would never seem so pleasant to him as then, and he would ever find a source of fresh delight in those sweet sounds of nature to which God has attuned our ears.

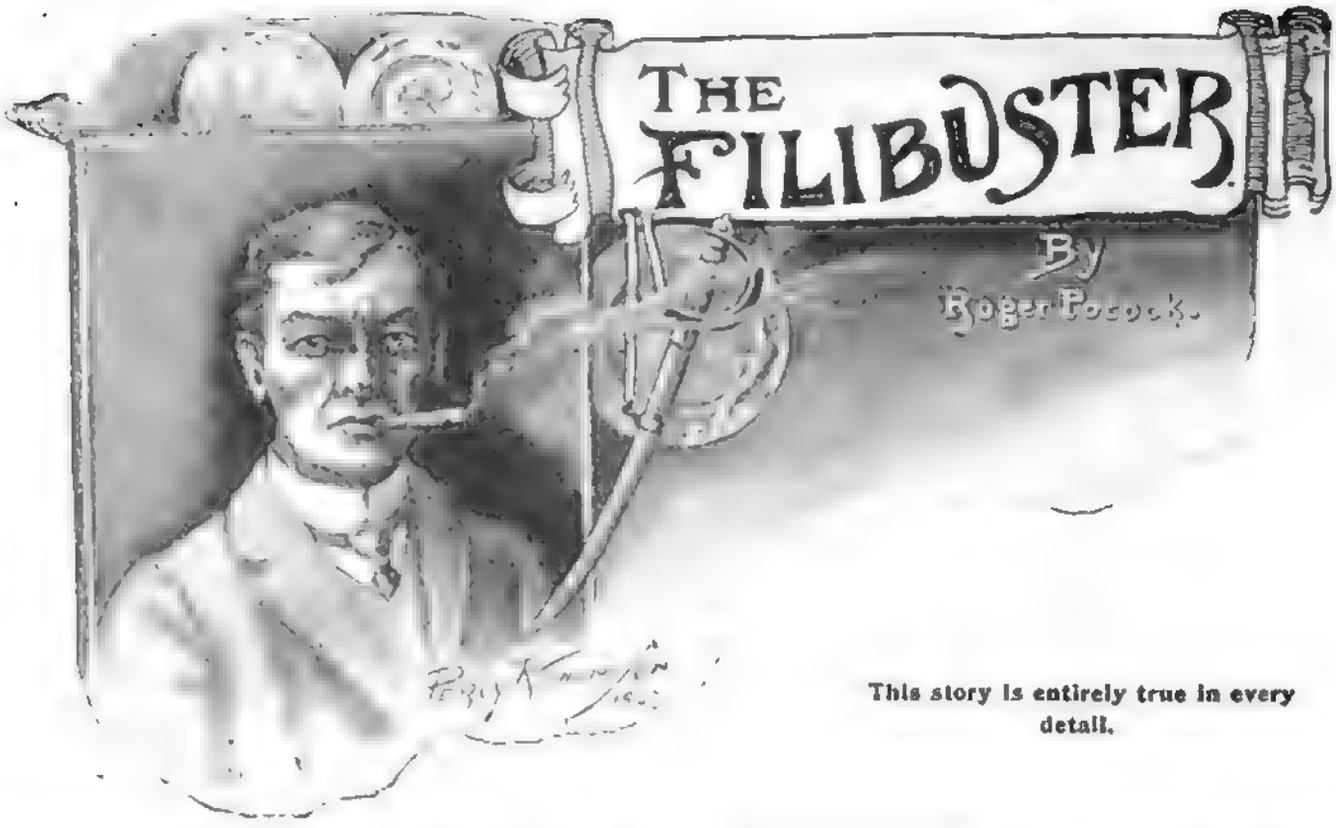
A remarkable proof of how we are dependent on the body for outward expression, and, indeed, that it is the appointed instrument for the development of our nature under the present order of things, is furnished by the case of Helen Keller. Helen Keller, as all the world knows, was blind, deaf, and dumb, from infancy; and there seems to be no doubt that her nature was in danger of deterioration, and would certainly never have developed had she not had the good fortune to meet with Miss Sullivan, who reached her intellect and inner nature through the only sense remaining to her—that of touch. The subsequent history of Helen Keller is well known; how she was educated through the untiring efforts of her devoted teacher, until now, she not only equals but surpasses most persons in intellect and strength of character. This case is remarkable for showing the subtle connection, and at the same time independence, of soul and body.

Again, what a difference it makes to a man's happiness whether he has a healthy body or no. We are constantly meeting with men and women whose lives have become lopsided through the failure of their bodily health. How many enterprises and ambitions have come to naught through this cause? The recent discussions concerning the domestic life of the Carlyles have caused some to ask, whether in the case of geniuses there should be applied a different rule of conduct to that of ordinary men. It is thought that genius may have its morbid side. One thing, however, is certain, that ill-health on the part of husband and wife had much to do with the unhappy home life of the Carlyles. It is to be feared that the happiness of many great men has gone to pieces on the stumbling block of Sir William Hamilton's dictum: "That there is nothing great in the world but man and nothing great in man but mind!"

It would be interesting to know how much of the pessimistic and neurotic literature in existence has its origin in an unhealthy condition of body, and is the offspring of the mind of morbid genius.

The world sometimes hears with incredulous surprise that some millionaire, whom it deemed the favourite of fortune, has declared that he was happier when, as a youth, his possessions consisted of hope and the wherewithal to satisfy his appetite, than in those later days, when he was surrounded with all the pomp and luxury that money can buy. May not the reason of this be, however, that in acquiring his wealth he made large drafts on that more important capital —his health of body.

I confess I see no reason for over-anxiety concerning the welfare of posterity. Future ages will probably discover fresh agencies of nature which will enable our descendants to surmount the difficulties of their own time. Power, however, is given us in one way to greatly influence for good or evil those who come after us. We have the means of giving them the heritage of healthy bodies or the reverse. Once we have realised this all-important truth, the burden of responsibility rests upon us to do all in our power to further the efforts of those who are endeavouring to check the physical decline which has set in to a large extent in England and elsewhere. Already much is being done. Sandow and others are spreading a network of physical culture schools over the kingdom, and the different magazines devoted to the movement are enlightening popular opinion on the subject; with the result that we are beginning to learn the important fact, which I have been endeavouring to set forth in this article, that our happiness and usefulness in life are to a large extent founded on the condition of our bodies; in other words, that there is a physical basis to happiness.



This story is entirely true in every detail.

YOU remember the pictures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Max was like him, but smaller, more delicate, so thin, so pale, that he might have passed for a bed-ridden invalid. And this was the man who had waged single-handed war against a powerful nation!

For years we shared rooms together at Number 15, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury. We were chums, and still I get his postcards occasionally, or a book through the Post Office as a reminder of his continued friendship. In China they remember Max as a dangerous lunatic, who nearly set an Empire in flames.

I knew him as a staunch chum, ready to stand by a chap in trouble, a gentleman to the bones, and the author of several brilliant novels. Still he had some very queer ideas, and one was his dread of ever becoming famous. Very few people knew his real name, and his books were signed with the first which came to his head. One novel was by "Mr. M—," and another by "Max," a third by "Julian Croskey." He wanted to hide himself away in this big town of London, he was ashamed of being known because he had failed, because he had attempted the conquest of the Chinese Empire.

The story of that failure he told me as we sat by our fireside at night, the room dense with smoke, lighted only by the flaming coals in the grate. Now, after six years, I must try and remember the story just as he told it.

"I was a fool," he began, "and we fools are a big tribe, Pocock, a thundering big tribe. I was a clerk in the Custom House—you know the Foreign Customs of China—all Europeans. Sir Robert Hart is Superintendent-General, and runs the show for the Chinese Government. He stationed me away up the Yangtse River, six hundred miles from the coast, at the city of Chinkiang. You'll find Chinkiang on the maps, for it's one of the treaty ports. It's an awful dull job that Customs work. I tried to amuse myself collecting porcelain—there are some of my bargains up on the mantelpiece."

The rooms were full of magnificent Chinese porcelain, worth goodness knows how much money.

"Well," he went on, "it wasn't very exciting. Then I used to read all the books I could get, about Napoleon mostly. That brought me on to military science, and I read hard. That wasn't very exciting either. I got to know the Chinese, went

into native society, and I liked the people. Then I began to see things which most of us foreigners never imagine. The whole Chinese Empire is honeycombed with secret societies, the people are all conspirators, and they'll sit up all night plotting and scheming, mostly against the Government. I became a member of one of the big secret societies.

"Look here! I'll have to ram a fact into your thick head, an historical fact. The Chinese didn't always wear pigtails. They're a conquered people, they've been forced by their foreign masters to wear the pigtail. It's a badge of disgrace. Who conquered them? Why the Manchurians, the big men up in the far north. China is ruled by foreigners, by the Manchu kings, and the people will never be happy until they've a genuine Chinese Emperor on the Chinese throne. That's why they're always plotting, and the whole country is as thick with conspirators as our dear old Ireland used to be.

"Well, as I said before, I joined a big secret society, numbering millions of men, bound by the most frightful oaths to fire the Manchu Dynasty out of Pekin. They'll do it, too.

"A queer life I had in those days. During office hours I was a tame clerk in the Custom House godown, and at night I was a Chinese gentleman attending meetings in dark cellars, where we got up plots against the Government. And, mind you, I wasn't the only European mixed up in that business. If I published the names there would be plenty of white men ear-marked for a term in gaol, not to mention officials and big merchants among the Chinese. They'd be tortured to death.

"They're an awful people to gabble, those Chinamen. They play at conspiracy and rebellion as they play at chess, or our folks play at cricket, just for fun. I'm of a different breed, I didn't understand that this was only a game, I took it all in dead earnest. And then somebody died here in England leaving me a small fortune, about seven thousand pounds.

"Look here, old chap, Napoleon was a poor lieutenant in the French artillery, and he made himself master of Europe. Walker, the American, hadn't a dollar, but he captured the Republic of Nicaragua, and sat down on the throne as President. There was an Irish deserter from our army who made himself King of Kaffristan. There was Brooke, made himself Rajah of Sarawak, and his grandson reigns there now—a King. There's another Englishman King of Cocos Keeling. There's Kaid McLean, Commander-in Chief of the Moorish army. Baker was Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army—why, there are dozens of Englishmen who have fought their way to power, and why shouldn't I do the same? Look at General Gordon, who took 20,000 raw Chinamen and licked an army of 1,500,000!"

His pale face had lighted up, his eyes were glittering. Here was a man of more than common powers, a man of genius, who had dared to dream of Empire.

"I was only a boy," he went on; "I thought I could take the common riff-raff of the Chinese secret societies, drill them, make men of them, lead them, and fight my way to a throne. Well—I was a fool!" He sank back wearily in his chair, the light all gone from his eyes, the fire, the passion from his face. "I was a fool! I chucked my berth in the Customs, and threw all my little fortune, not to mention my life, into that ditch of conspiracy. Very soon I commanded the revolutionary party in Chinkiang, had a regiment under me of 500 well drilled men. They're such gossips, the Chinese, I had to be cautious. I drilled them, company by company, at night, secretly. Each company I put in charge of an officer. The men of the company knew no one outside their own crowd. The officer didn't know the other officers by sight. They couldn't betray each other, but they could betray me. I was the only man who could be betrayed, and if anything went wrong I hoped for a quick death—not by torture.

"I was so young, so simple, that I actually took pains not to implicate my friends in case I failed myself. This was wrong. If you want the leaders to be loyal let them understand that if you fail they die. Then it's their interest to keep faith. I had only one real friend, one chap I knew I could trust—an Englishman—a white man. I thought all the world of him. How careful

I was to shield him from being betrayed by Chinese treachery! I'd got to take risks, it was all in the way of business, but I couldn't bear to think of Phil being caught, and he was deeply involved. When the great day came he was to be second in command, circle of leaders in whom I had absolute confidence. Ah, me!

"One night I explained to Phil how useless was my regiment in Chinkiang until I could get them armed. We must have rifles and ammunition, a machine gun or two, and

"THE STORY OF THAT FAILURE HE TOLD ME AS WE SAT BY OUR FIRESIDE AT NIGHT."

Meanwhile, the less I told him, the safer he would be. I had to treat poor old Phil as if he were a suspicious character, not to be trusted for a moment—for his own sake he had to be kept in the dark. And yet he knew that he was the only man in the whole a lot of other supplies. He suggested that we get the weapons dribbled in, a few at a time. I showed him how every day's delay meant greater danger, for sooner or later the game was bound to leak out, to reach the ears of the commandant, and all would be

lost. No; we must be ready, and the first signal must be the order to fire. We must capture the city by a sudden rush, throw the garrison into headlong panic, seize the citadel, then call out the society in every Chinese city, millions of men suddenly in arms against the Government, converging rapidly on Pekin.

"'Now,' said I, 'first I must run down to Hong Kong, charter a ship, load her with war material, and engage a few men to help me. Then I'll send you a cable message, giving you the date when we expect to arrive here with the ship. When you get my message you are to pass the word to three men, here are their names—one European and two Chinamen. They will call out the officers, the officers will parade their companies, the regiment will assemble, display their badges, march down and seize my ship, break open the cargo, arm themselves, and capture the city with a sudden rush.

"Phil said he understood.

"'Remember, Phil,' I explained, 'that my life and our success depend on you. The whole future of the Chinese Empire depends upon your receiving the message and giving word to the three men you know. Don't fail me.'

"'I won't fail you,' said Phil.

"Then we shook hands and parted."

So Max went on to talk of the long voyage down to Shanghai at the mouth of the river, and on along the coast to the great British city of Hong Kong. He went with a heavy pocket and a light heart, knowing that Phil, his chum, would be guarding all his interests in Chinkiang, and would be ready for instant action when the moment came. He had merely to receive a telegram, and carry to three acquaintances in the city the date of the ship's arrival. The thing was so simple that no mistake could be made; the man was so trusted that there could be no fear.

"My work," said Max, "in Hong Kong was full of difficulty, full of danger. First I had to charter a ship, and it's not quite so easy as whistling a cab. Everybody asks questions—awkward questions—which have got to be answered smoothly. Naturally, the owners don't want their ship seized by the police, or fired on by a cruiser, or wrecked at sea. I got a ship.

"Then I had to buy a load of war material. You can go into a hardware shop and buy a rifle. The shopman asks, 'What kind of rifle?' and you say it's for shooting porpoises. But if you want five hundred rifles, with several thousand rounds of ammunition, and a brace of machine guns it's no use talking porpoise or the merchant will call up the police. You must have a story to tell; you must be an agent representing some Government, with a right to buy war material. You must persuade the merchant with much gold, and he must be prepared to prove that he acted in good faith, and didn't sell the rifles anyway. After that the war material must be made up into bales which will pass for innocent merchandise—cotton piece-goods, for instance, or kitchen stoves. The Custom House detectives are always on the watch for games like that.

"And having got my ship and a load of war stores, I had to find captain, officers, sailors, firemen, servants—everyone of them prepared to fight for his life. That meant very ticklish work along the harbour front, because if I spoke to the wrong men the thing would be common talk in every bar-room; then the police would get wind of the business, and lodge me promptly in gaol. Well, there's one comfort about dealing with English seafaring men—they love danger, they're always looking for trouble, and if they're decently paid no venture is too desperate. I got my crew.

"And then there came the most difficult part of the game. When I boarded the ship it must be as a simple, ignorant passenger. The steamer was chartered by merchants, and consigned to a trader at Chinkiang. The cargo belonged to merchants, and was consigned to traders in Chinkiang. The people were hired by a respectable Chinaman, and had nothing to do with either ship or cargo, except to deliver promptly at Chinkiang. I was a casual passenger, knowing nothing of the people, cargo, or ship, but beautifully ignorant, a Chinaman with a large umbrella and blue spectacles.

"At last I was able to send that all-important message to Phil at Chinkiang:—'Expect me on such-and-such a date.'

"'I WON'T FAIL YOU,' SAID PHIL. THEN WE SHOOK HANDS AND PARTED."

Watches would be posted along the river-bank, waiting for the ship to appear at the corner of Silver Island. At the sight of my private signal they were to run to Phil with the news, and he was to deliver the password—the word which might alter the history of the world. It was like dropping a live shell into the magazine of a battleship, unless—unless—ah, well!

"It was a time of torture, that five days' voyage up the Chinese coast, when the least mistake in my plans meant overwhelming ruin. As we entered the mouth of the Yangtse River a Chinese gunboat passed us, turned round, and followed in our wake. When the forts at Woo Sung came in sight those torpid cruisers of the Chinese fleet were all awake for a wonder, they were under steam.

"Then a revenue cutter turned up, and at last a pair of Customs gigs hung to our sides like sharks. Something was wrong, some wretched Custom House spy perhaps had found things out in Hong Kong. Instead of going on up the river we were ordered to proceed to Shanghai. There we were boarded by the officials, the ship was searched, and the arms were seized. Nothing was done to me—nothing. A dreadful silence seemed to surround me, full of malevolent vigilance.

"And yet I had done nothing against the law. I was only an innocent passenger, with a large umbrella and blue goggles. There was no evidence against me—none whatever. I had seen to that beforehand. I went ashore and dined at a quiet hotel. After dinner I sat all alone in a sitting-room, all by myself, with a bottle of claret and a package of cigarettes. I sat there until I had smoked the last of them, until my brain was whirling ready to burst with overwork, planning the future. I had still two cases of revolvers and cutlasses which I had entrusted to a couple of my Chinese servants. Their luggage had not been searched. The cases were safely landed.

"Think of it. I had lost my whole year's work planning this revolt; I had lost my means of earning a living, and the whole of my private fortune. What was there to live for, unless I went on with the game? I had two cases of revolvers and cutlasses, enough to arm my very best men up there at Chinkiang. We could drop down the river in boats, quietly, in the dead of night, we could rush the forts at Woo Sung, capture the sleepy cruisers, arm ourselves properly, have weapons enough for all the conspirators. A spark would set China in flames; millions of men were ready at the signal to march with me to Pekin, to storm the capital, to dethrone the Emperor, to seize the country. I'll never forget, so long as I live, the flavour of those cigarettes as I lay on the sofa thinking.

"At midnight, with my faithful servants and those two cases of weapons, I boarded an up-river passenger steamer. Another day of fearful anxiety, another night—I was quieter now, as I knew my case more desperate. I couldn't signal as we approached Chinkiang, but one of my agents came on board at once. I sent by him a hurried message to all the leaders, 'Something gone wrong! Don't move!' I saved my people.

"The steamer tied up to the wharf, and the gangway was thrown across; I walked ashore with my luggage—the two cases of arms—and as I left the gangway I was arrested, taken red-handed, taken armed, and at war against the Chinese Empire. Yes; Phil, my own chum, was the man who betrayed me; that's all I have to say about him. I was tried by the British Consular Court at Shanghai, and they let me off with a year's imprisonment. Let me off? Yes; for the Chinese would have tortured me slowly—very slowly—to death. They killed a lot of innocent people—one girl I had spoken to in a tea-house before the conspiracy began suffered death by 'the thousand sword cuts.' The real rebels were never suspected, but most of them went north afterwards, joined an outbreak, and were killed off by Li Hung Chang. I'm not to blame for that.

"And the end? After my punishment I was brought home by a policeman to the London Docks, and then turned loose to starve."

Two Wonderful Rides.

By F. A. HORNIBROOK.

FOR some years past a handicap road race between Warrnambool and Melbourne (Victoria) has been decided. This event, which excites more interest than any other bicycle race in Australasia, was decided this year on August 23rd. In order to get fit representatives from New Zealand and Tasmania (the adjoining colonies) test races are held, and the winners, or the fastest time men go to represent their respective colonies.

The New Zealand race was run on July 25th over the usual course, Timaru to Christchurch, a distance of 105 miles. This year it seemed as if the race could not possibly take place, inasmuch as for some weeks before, New Zealand was visited by the worst weather which had been known in the history of the colony. Snow fell over a foot deep, and the roads were almost impassable. Yet despite this, fifty-one men faced the starter. That the race would ever be finished was a matter of conjecture. Even when it was found that the first twenty-one miles to Geraldine had been negotiated in little over an hour, the opinion of the local quidnuncs was unaltered, for the cyclists had then to tackle the snow-covered roads of the Rangitata district. As was expected, this slowed them down considerably, and it was nearly half-past twelve—about 4½ hours after the start—before the two leaders, Barrow and J. Arnst, passed through Ashburton, half-way. With four and a-half hours gone, and half the journey still unfinished, including the unformed roads of the Selwyn district, it appeared still uncertain whether any of the riders would reach Christchurch, the finishing post, before dark. As a matter of fact, the three placed men simply tore along during the whole of the later stages through mud, slush and snow, over unformed roads, tussocks, riverbeds, and water-races, and snow in places a

Photo, Standish & Freece, Christchurch.]

S. BARROW,
Winner of the Timaru Christchurch, N.Z., Road Race.

J. ARNST ABOUT TO START.

foot deep. These three men aroused unstinted admiration from their fellow competitors for the manner in which they negotiated the snow-covered roads of the Rangitata and Hinds, which for travelling were as bad as a newly ploughed field. With bikes on their shoulders they kept up a jog-trot for over ten miles.

Out of the 51 competitors, a dozen finished. The winner, S. Barrow, who received 25 minutes start, covered the 105 miles—of which, mind you, 10 had to be negotiated on foot—in the actual time of 7 hrs. 34 min. 30 sec. J. Arnst, 15 minutes start, gained second place and prize for the fastest time, his actual time being 7 hrs. 25 min. His brother, R. Arnst, with 10 minutes start, covered the distance in exactly two minutes more, viz., 7 hrs. 27 min. Yet another of this remarkable family, H. P. Arnst, gained sixth place, his actual time being 8 hrs. 45 min. The average rate of travelling, therefore, by the three leading men was better than 14 miles an hour.

S. Barrow, the winner, hails from Feilding, North Island of N.Z. Slimly built, he weighs but 10st. 4lbs., and stands 5ft. 9in.; but he has splendid muscular development, and evidently faced the starter in wonderful trim. His performance is enhanced by the fact that he lost considerable time through his chain coming off twice, and he took the wrong course on one occasion. J. Arnst, who accomplished the fastest time, is 21 years of age, stands 5ft. 8ins. high, and weighs 12 st. R. Arnst is 19 years of age, stands 6ft. high, and weighs 13 st. The result of this race was that the three Arnst brothers represented New Zealand in the great road race from Warrnambool to Melbourne. Barrow, the winner of the N.Z. race, was unable to compete.

In this Warrnambool-Melbourne race, J. and R. Arnst, who made the fastest time in the New Zealand race, were scratch. The distance was 165 miles, and the previous record 8hrs. 46min. Over 100 competitors started, and there were more than 20,000 spectators along the roads near the finishing point at Melbourne. The last mile of the road was kept clear by barriers. The winner turned up in J. Arnst, who completed the 165 miles in 7hrs. 43min., or one hour and three minutes better than all previous records. And this, be it remembered, on

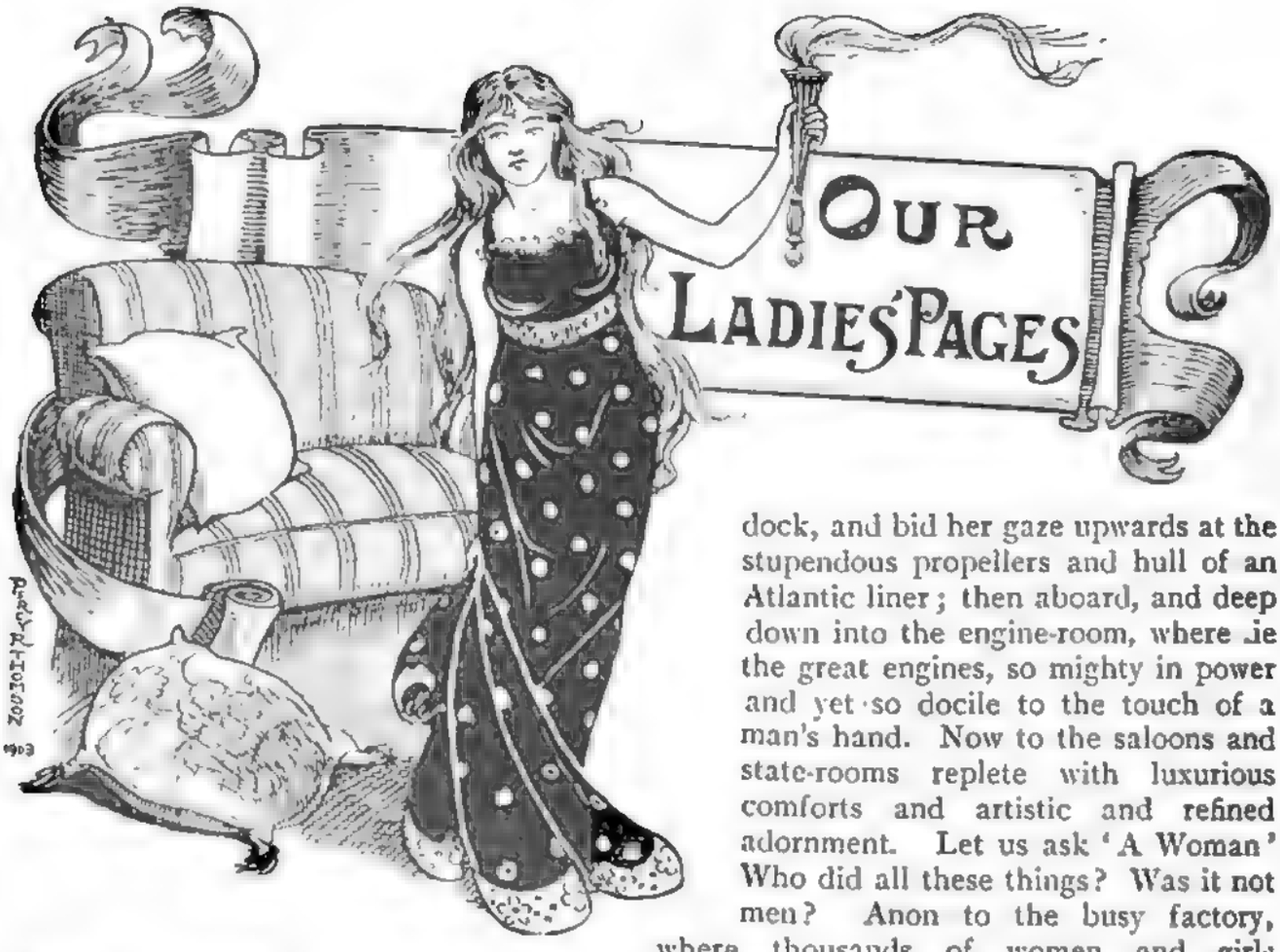
L. ARNST,
Second and fastest time, Timaru—Christchurch, N.Z., Road Race, and winner and holder of record, Warrnambool—Melbourne Race, August, 1903.

HOT REFRESHMENTS AT RANGITATA.
(This gives an idea of the conditions of the roads in places.)

roads which were in places covered with water.

In endeavouring to compare Arnst's ride with the leading performances of foreign riders, one is hindered by the fact that in the two chief continental races, the Paris-Roubaix and the Bordeaux-Paris events were scratch, and single pacing is allowed. The Bordeaux-Paris course is 367 miles, and the record stands to the credit of M. Gairon, whose winning time in 1903 was 18hrs. 41min. 20sec. For the Paris-Roubaix race, 166¾ miles, Aucouturrier holds the record, his time being 9hrs. 12min. 30sec. The comparison here is palpably in favour of the New Zealander's performance.

A COMPETITOR ARRIVING AT ASHBURTON (HALF-WAY).



A CORRESPONDENT in a north country journal is particularly severe, and rightly too, on the writer of a letter signing herself "A Woman," who chose to "put down man as being little better than the reptiles we crush beneath our feet." In reply "Virile" says:—"To all really natural people it must be apparent that Nature makes many experiments and not a few failures, either mentally or bodily, or both, and one of the saddest and most pitiful failures is in existence to-day in the person of the 'new,' or sexless, woman; albeit she is not new but usually somewhat old. A trouble to herself and a nuisance to her more fortunate fellow creatures, her only solace appears to be in reviling the male sex, and trying to pervert those of her own kind who are silly enough or disappointed enough to take any heed of her; and for the benefit of all such I would point out that but for the very men whom 'A Woman' affects to despise she would be practically helpless in the world.

"Let us take her to the bottom of a graving dock, and bid her gaze upwards at the stupendous propellers and hull of an Atlantic liner; then aboard, and deep down into the engine-room, where lie the great engines, so mighty in power and yet so docile to the touch of a man's hand. Now to the saloons and state-rooms replete with luxurious comforts and artistic and refined adornment. Let us ask 'A Woman' Who did all these things? Was it not men? Anon to the busy factory, where thousands of women and girls are employed and taught—by men—to spin and weave the delicate fabrics and fine clothing material with which women love to adorn themselves. Then to the abattoirs, where men have dominion over the beasts of the field, and whence emanate the wares of the butcher's shop. Again, to the fields, where the reaping machine is hastening to supply us with the bread by which we live. And now, at last, let us enter the home—the domain of woman—by man's permission, and let us see the woman, taught by a man, playing on a superb musical instrument, designed and made by man, the soul-inspiring melodies of the old masters (not mistresses), and let us admire that woman, for presently, with her husband, she will take us to the nursery, where lies cradled a 'son of the Empire'—an embryo man."

* * *

One of those heroic incidents which recall to mind the bravery of Grace Darling has recently been recorded. The heroine in this case was a young fisher-girl of Brest, and the scene that portion of Ushant where

the terrible wreck of the "Drummond Castle" took place.

A Newcastle steamer went ashore in a thick fog, and when the vessel struck the crew of 33 got away in boats, but, owing to the heavy seas, one failed to effect a landing, and the boat was in imminent danger of swamping or being dashed to pieces on the dangerous rocks, when the girl, who was watching from the shore, without divesting herself of her heavy clothing, plunged into the seething waters, swam to the boat and established communication with the shore, with the result that the whole of the crew were saved.

* * *

Many well-known actresses are believers in systematic training for keeping themselves in condition for the arduous duties they are called upon to perform as entertainers.

Miss Connie Ediss is a very good example of this, as, in addition to punting, which is one of her favourite pastimes, she is quite an adept at bag-punching, an exercise which is in considerable vogue across the herring pond.

[Photo by permission of the Stage Souvenir Co.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

Miss Mary Moore is one whose motto is "It is better to wear out than to rust out," and she is a very firm believer in the principle that in order to live a perfectly natural existence one must exercise.

On her return from South Africa two years ago, Miss Moore was always to be seen on deck by seven o'clock, no matter what the weather, taking her morning constitutional, and she is also a strong advocate of simple living, to which, combined with exercise, she attributes the beautiful complexion of which she is the happy possessor.

Mrs. Seymour Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) is a lady whose recreations are almost innumerable, including almost all kinds of out-door exercises, whilst, in addition to being a good shot, she is quite an expert with the rod and line. Her sporting proclivities are further exemplified by her fondness for dogs, she being a regular exhibitor at all the leading shows.

Miss Marie Studholme attributes her good health to her fondness for athletic pursuits, her favourite game being badminton. Miss Studholme always believes in combining exercise and utility, and is extremely fond of gardening, not in the fancy sense, but genuine, practical work with hoe and spade.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh is not amongst those who affirm that the good looks of women are spoiled by athleticism. She herself likes athletic games of all kinds, and is a great believer in the benefits to be obtained from fresh air. She is a fond lover of animals, and has three favourite dogs at her house in the country.

* * *

The Leeds Society of Physical Culture and Health, which has a beauty show still

on hand, has started a vigorous crusade against corsets, and calls upon its members "not to marry wrecks."

* * *

With regard to the Beauty Show, the final was held at the Leeds Albert Hall, the competitors left in numbering fifteen, of both sexes, of which one half-dozen were young women.

Several special questions were put to each competitor, the ladies having to furnish seventeen different measurements.

The following were amongst the questions which were put to them:—

Have you worn corsets?

Give name of corset substitute if you wear one.

Do you use stimulants in any form?

Do you eat ordinary mixed diet, vegetarian, or natural uncooked foods?

Give two references of people who will vouch for your integrity and general good character.

How many hours do you sleep?

The women contestants were Miss Annie Oxley, of Sheffield; Miss Marie Anderson, of Newcastle; Miss E. Richardson, of Birmingham; Miss Gertrude Perkins, of Leeds; and Miss Lillie Bolton, of Bradford, and the judges declared Miss Oxley to be the most symmetrical woman, while Miss Perkins was second.

Miss Oxley is slight and petite, and has auburn hair. She is only twenty years old, and looks much younger. Her measurements, as taken by the judges, were as follows:—Height 5 ft. 3½ in., weight 126 lb., biceps (flexed) 10¾ in., neck 12½ in., forearm 9½ in., thigh 19¾ in., calf 14 in., bust 33¾ in., waist 24½ in.

Miss Perkins, who is second in the competition, is of the same age; she is 5 ft. 1⅝ in. high, weighs 121½ lb. Other measurements are: Biceps 12¼ in. (flexed), forearm 9¼ in., thigh 21½ in., calf 14¼ in., bust 36½ in., waist 26 in.

One of the competitors, Miss Marie Henderson, a fine example of what physical culture will do for women, is twenty-four years old, 5 ft. 7 in. high, and weighs 10 st. 6 lb. Her neck measurement is 14 in., bust 36 in., waist 26 in., round hips 37 in., thigh 32 in., calf 14 in., ankle 7 in., forearm 10½ in., and biceps 12½ in. She can walk five miles in 54 min., and 13 miles in 2 hrs. 30 min.

She lifts dumb-bells ranging from 90 lb. to 140 lb., and is a fencer, boxer, ball puncher, gymnast, and cyclist.

Miss Henderson does not wear corsets, and to this fact she attributes her splendid proportions. Her food is selected from lean meat, fowls, fish, vegetables, and ripe fruit.

In the competition for males, Mr. Wm. E. Clements, of Leicester, who will be recognised as always prominent in competitions promoted by Mr. Sandow, was the winner. He and Miss Oxley go to New York next month to represent England in the International Competition.

London is promised a display on somewhat similar lines early in the New Year.

Scottish Athletic Championships for 1903.

By GEO. HUTTON.

FROM time immemorial a love of athletic feats—feats of strength, skill and endurance—has been a characteristic of the human race. The biblical Samson, on account of his great strength, has been admired by generations past and present. His feats of strength are, perhaps, the earliest of which we have any record. The Greeks, however, appear to be the first nation to have organised athletic meetings, and the high esteem in which Grecian athletes were held is demonstrated to us in the beautiful statuary which, after so many generations, still remains unparalleled. The Greeks, too, had certain feats which were practised at these gatherings. Amongst these feats were included wrestling, running, jumping, throwing the discus, and others which are unfamiliar to us.

JAMES MORRISON THROWING THE HAMMER.

Highland gatherings in Scotland take the place which the Olympian and other games did in Greece, and I firmly believe that the feats practised by our Scottish athletes tend to develop the muscles even to a greater extent than did the feats practised by the ancient Greeks. The beautifully-proportioned athletes of the present day bear eminent testimony to the truth of this statement, and their figures compare favourably with those of the Greeks, as handed down to us by the art of the sculptor.

I hope I may be pardoned for here briefly stating the muscles chiefly employed in and developed by the feats practised at Highland games. Wrestling is the greatest of all athletic sports, exercising, as it does, nearly every muscle of the body, more or less. Hammer-throwing and weight-throwing exercise the *pulling* muscles of the arms and shoulders. Putting the ball exercises the *pushing* muscles of the arms, and strengthens the loins and legs. Caber-tossing may be said to be a combination of throwing and putting, both the pushing and pulling muscles being employed, as well as those of the legs. Jumping and running exercise the muscles of the legs chiefly.

A Highland gathering once seen is never forgotten. It is, on the whole, a very quiet function, but nevertheless gay. Heather—white if it can be got—is the order of the day, and the country people, happy for the

Photo, T. Johnston, Motherwell.]

HUGH NICOLSON PUTTING THE BALL.

[*Photo, T. Johnston, Motherwell.*

A. A. CAMERON, HOLDER OF MANY RECORDS, THROWING THE HAMMER.

time at least, and enjoying a much-needed holiday, come in their dozens. There is no respect of persons, the poor man and the rich may side by side watch the efforts of their herculean brethren within the ring. Every county in Scotland has at least one annual gathering, and the local games provide a topic for weeks before they are held and for weeks after.

The Northern Meeting, which was held at Inverness on September 17 and 18, brought to a close the Highland Games of 1903, and some extraordinary performances were accomplished. G. H. Johnstone, the Aberdeen veteran champion, who had the misfortune to get his arm hurt while wrestling at Thornton last year, and was consequently unable to compete during the remainder of the season, had so far recovered that he was able to compete during the whole course of the past summer. Hugh Nicolson, Tighnabruaich, the ex-amateur champion ball putter of Scotland, who turned professional in 1902, has greatly improved this year. At the Vale of Leven

JAMES MORRISON PUTTING THE BALL.

Photo, J. S. McGlashan, Pitlochry.]
CHAS. McLEAN, FORT WILLIAM, PUTTING THE BALL.

Highland Games at Alexandria a new world's record was established by Cameron for throwing the 16 lb. hammer, standing style, without follow, straight, 4 ft. 2 in., wood or cane handle, and round lead or iron head. The previous record was made at Pitlochry by G. H. Johnstone in 1901, and stood at 119 ft. 6 in. Cameron's record throw measured 120 ft. 5 in., or 11 in. better than Johnstone's. Good judges are of opinion that Johnstone's old record of 119 ft. ½ in., made at Stirling in 1896, is superior to either of the above-mentioned throws, because, while the 119 ft. 6 in. and 120 ft. 5 in. were made with supple cane handles, Johnstone's '96 record was made with a stiff ash handle. At the Plains, Airdrie, Cameron accomplished a throw of 122 ft. 7 in. with the hammer, whilst the ball he put 46 ft. 4 in. Morrison, however, in 1900 threw the same hammer 128 ft. 2 in. At the Thornton meeting, which is, beyond doubt, the largest Highland Gathering, the attendance this year was estimated at 50,000, and here Cameron threw 120 ft. 11 in. with the hammer, and also took first place in the weight with 48 ft. 1in. A great surprise was in store for followers of sport when, at the Glasgow Police Sports, Hugh Nicolson defeated Cameron at putting the 16 lb. ball, the former making 45 ft. 11 in. to Cameron's 45 ft. 9 in., and was also an easy winner in throwing the hammer, turning style, with a throw of 122 ft. 8 in. This is a comparatively new item on a Highland Games' programme, not having been practised by professional athletes in Scotland for many years. At Bridge of Allan some splendid performances were witnessed, notably in putting the heavy ball. The ball used by mistake this year weighed 24¼ lb., instead of the regulation 22 lb. ball, and with this Cameron put 36 ft. 6 in., which is one of the best putts he has ever done. The great Breadalbane Highland Gathering was held on August 20, and, as happened at the preceding meeting, Cameron set up four new world's records. The first was for putting the 28 lb. ball, standing style, which stood to the credit of George Davidson (Aberdeen) at 31 ft. 8½ in., and was made at Glenisla Games in 1878. Cameron raised the record to 31 ft. 11 in., measured from the furthest advanced foot to furthest advanced side of the break made by the stone or ball. Cameron's next attempt was on the record of 34 ft. for putting the 28 lb. ball, with a hop, made by G. R. Gray, at Dunslaughlin, Ireland, on July 8, 1888. Gray's best record with a 24 lb. ball was 33 ft. 11¾ in., consequently his 28 lb. record has always been regarded with suspicion, as it is hardly likely an athlete will putt a 28 lb. ball further than a 24 lb. ball. Cameron's best effort with the 28 lb. ball, with 7 ft. 6 in. run and no follow, was 33 ft. 9 in. Of course,

Photo, H. S. Lumsden, Aberdeen.]
G. H. JOHNSTONE THROWING THE HAMMER.

Cameron was not credited with breaking Gray's record, but good judges are of opinion that Cameron's is the superior performance. Cameron next attempted to beat his own record of 30 ft. 10 in. for throwing the 56 lb. weight, length over all 18 in., with one hand and one turn of the body. After a few trials, and when it seemed as if he must give up the attempt as fruitless, Cameron, with a supreme effort, sent the big weight 32 ft. 4 in., which was 18 in. over the previous record. The record of 60 ft. 3 in. for throwing the 28 lb. weight under like conditions, and which was made by Cameron at Pitlochry in 1902, also came in for its share of attention. With a throw of 61 ft. he increased his record by 9 in., and followed this up by setting up a new record for putting the 22 lb. stone, 7 ft. 6 in. run, his best effort being 38 ft. 7 in., an advance of 6 in. on his own record, made on the same ground last year. This was truly a great afternoon's work, and it is all the more creditable from the fact that the records were made during and subsequent to a heavy downpour of rain.

The following day Johnstone broke all former records for throwing the hammer at Glenisla with a throw of 116 ft. 2 in., Cameron taking second place with 113 ft. 10 in. The following day, at Denny, Morrison, with a throw of 115 ft. 4 in., defeated Cameron for the first time during the season. The Heavy Weight Championship of Scotland was, as usual, held at Dumblair, and the handsome silver belt was carried off by Cameron, his principal performances being as follows:—Throwing 22 lb. hammer, 86 ft. 7 in.; putting 22 lb. ball, 38 ft. 1 in.; throwing 56 lb. weight, 31 ft. 7 in.; throwing 56 lb. weight, 60 ft. 9 in.; throwing 16 lb. hammer, 111 ft., in all of which he took first place, as well as in the caber-tossing and catch-as-catch-can wrestling competitions, and was second with the 16 lb. ball with 43 ft. 3 in., Charlie McLean being first with 45 ft. 1 in.

The wet season has been much against good jumping, and 5 ft. 9 in. at high leap has been seldom beaten. The best performance at pole-vaulting was Merchant's 10 ft. 10 in., at Alva. At hop-step-and-leap W. McKee, Bridge of Allan, and P. T. McKay, Partick, cleared 45 ft. 8 in. and 44 ft. 5½ in. respectively at Alexandria, and Charles Gillies, West Calder, has 44 ft. 8 in. at Dunoon, 44 ft. 3 in. at Galston, and 44 ft. 2 in. at Helensburgh to his credit, while, at the same time, he has been very successful at

Photo, H. S. Lumsden, Aberdeen.]

GEORGE MERCHANT, LUMPHANAN, POLE VAULTING.

running long jump, having cleared 20 ft. 4 in. at Dunoon, 20 ft. 3 in. at Galston, and 20 ft. at Oban and Fort William. In running, the most successful men have been James Ferguson, Invergowrie; Hugh Cook, Helensburgh; Andrew Haddow, Mid-Calder; Charles Thomas, Lasswade; and James Stewart Duffus, Glasgow. The season has been, altogether, a fairly successful one.

The Noble Art of Self-Defence.*

"No game was ever worth a rap,
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

THE latest addition to our series of athletic handbooks is a very lucid and interesting volume, setting forth the various forms of self-defence, not only as an art, but also as a means of personal protection in case of need. The writers have taken the latter as their aim, and in their endeavour to describe the best methods by which a man, whether armed or unarmed, may protect himself from assault, have undoubtedly accomplished their difficult task successfully. Of course, no mention is made of firearms, inasmuch as these are not supposed to form any part of a citizen's equipment.

The authors, in their preface, point out that though the necessity for resorting to physical force for personal protection will diminish with the march of civilisation, there may still arise such situations where a thorough knowledge of how to make use of one's fists or walking-stick may be the means of probably saving life. Furthermore, the practice of such manly exercises as boxing, fencing, or wrestling can only tend to bring about a healthy influence on the mind and body.

One point which is set forth we can scarcely agree with, although this is a very minor one, and hardly worth mentioning, and that is "that a strong, healthy man of seventy is capable of putting in a severe punch if he knows how to deliver it and where to plant it." As an example, the veteran Jem Mace is cited, and the occasion, when, at the age of sixty-seven, he stood up for three rounds with Mike Donovan, a man considerably his junior. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and undoubtedly Jem Mace, though now well on to seventy, is as hale and hearty as ever, and has just undertaken a business trip to South Africa, but few men of seventy, we venture to think, would be capable, however great their knowledge, of holding their own against a more youthful opponent, even though the latter's knowledge of self-defence is less than that of the veteran. Further, they state that "also an old man, if an expert swordsman, can make use of the walking-stick for pointing, turning aside a blow, or parrying a thrust, just as well as the most powerful man can." That may be, but is it going to give the latter any advantage in the rough-and-tumble encounter?

This, however, does not affect the character of the book, which commences with some very interesting chapters on the "noble art," as boxing is aptly termed, and to which upwards of some hundred pages are devoted, containing some very excellent advice.

This portion of the compilation has been dealt with by Mr. R. G. Allanson-Winn, who has already written similar treatises for the "All England Series," and the "Isthmian Library."

Mr. Allanson-Winn insists that boxing should not be looked upon as a healthy exercise alone, but also as a means to teach men to fight with their fists, the gloves being used merely for the purpose of preventing undue disfiguration.

He makes use of an expression, giving as a definition of the art: "A healthy British pastime, bringing into play all the muscles of the body," etc. This, however,

* *Self-Defence*; Being a Guide to Boxing, Quarter-staff and Bayonet Practice, the Walking-stick, Cudgel, Fencing, etc. By R. G. Allanson-Winn and Charles Edward Walker. Published by Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 3/6.

as any student of physical culture will know, is slightly incorrect, in so far as that in no exercise, except systematic exercise, are the whole of the muscles of the body brought into play, though boxing brings into play more muscles probably than any other known recreative exercise, and, as such, is heartily to be commended.

The author recalls the opinions of Lord Palmerston, who was known to entertain a more than secret admiration for the best champions of the prize-ring, such celebrated men as Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Tom King and Jack Heenan being then in the zenith of their powers at this time—1860-1863. There was considerable controversy on the question of the legality of prize-fights, some holding that the contests were brutal, others insisting that the two men engaged were free agents, and that the exhibition of skill and endurance was a healthy stimulus, and good for the tone of England's manhood.

The necessity for learning in a good school is emphasised, as is also straight hitting, the author following up his preliminary remarks in the following terse expression.—"Quickness of eye, strength and endurance come to a man as Nature's gifts—they are there or they are not there—but straight hitting and many other niceties of pugilism come no more by light of Nature than do swimming, diving, or bicycle riding—all of which arts may be so welded to an individual's being that he can very nearly practice them sleeping or walking."

The chapter on "Position" gives the tyro some very plain directions, and emphasises the fact that without good leg work you can never enter into the second, or even the third rank of boxers; indeed, it is not going too far to say that more fights have been won by the legs than by the arms.

The author is of opinion that the positions of Jem Mace, John L. Sullivan, the late Peter Jackson, and Bob Fitzsimmons are all easy and worthy of imitation. Fitzsimmons recommends placing the weight of the body on the right foot, but with this Mr. Winn disagrees, and gives very excellent reasons for insisting that the weight of the body should be placed as nearly as possible on both feet. "All extremes should be avoided. Let the body be erect and the head carried easily on the shoulders, neither held up to the sky nor poked forward to stop the blows of the adversary."

A chapter is devoted to hitting and guarding, in which great stress is laid on the "straight left," and some excellent advice offered as a means to doing it.

The knock-out blow with a hook or swing hit is deprecated, for three reasons:—(1) You can hardly avoid letting yourself open to a quick return; (2) it is very uncertain; you may try a dozen swings, and only land one blow, (3) you stand a very fair chance of breaking your own fore-arm against the other fellow's elbow, shoulders, or head. It is pointed out that it is not the strength of the blow so much as the weakness of the part hit as brings about the knock-out.

Slipping and ducking also receive full attention, and the terse synonym given:—"What is better than presence of mind in a row—absence of body." The chapter finishes up with "In every defence—no matter whether it takes the form of guarding with the arms, retreating, slipping, ducking, or side-stepping—always execute the movement with the view to carrying into effect some attack of your own."

Some excellent advice on position, hitting and guarding, slipping, feinting, return, counters and cross-counters is given, and there is also a chapter dealing with dangerous hits and La Savette, or the French style, in which the feet are brought into play, the treatise concluding with some remarks on foul play, wrestling as an adjunct to boxing, condition and training, and some useful hints to those taking part in competitions and contests.

Next comes Mr. Walker's share of the work. It commences with a chapter on the quarter-staff and the bayonet, and there are articles on the use of the walking-stick, cudgel, and other exercises as a means of protection, concluding with a clever treatment of the art of fencing, which is fully illustrated with diagrams of the various guards, parries, assaults, single-stick, and sabre play. The only fault we find with the whole volume is that the illustrations are scarcely up to the standard of the letter-press.

The Acrobat.

NO profession calls for more physical fitness, nor tends to increase the general muscular development more than that of the acrobat, and probably I should not be wrong in saying that the members of no profession earn their bread more thoroughly, for before they are trained sufficiently to make their appearance before the critical public with any hope of success, hardships innumerable have to be encountered, broken limbs and bruises figuring largely in the process.

THE TROUPE.

The training of an acrobat must necessarily commence at an early age; in fact, almost as soon as a child can walk and understand what is required of it, its initiation into its future calling commences. If only a tittle of what one hears be true, the hardships which these little ones are called upon to undergo are many. Whilst deprecating cruelty of any kind there is, as a rule, a happy result accruing from their severe training, for the effect of it is that the children, as a rule, grow up full of health, energy, and activity, so that they take a pleasure in everything they do, for health and happiness invariably go together, and all the early trials are soon forgotten. One has only to watch closely the faces of a troupe of acrobats to see what pleasure they take in their work, although, of course, sometimes a smiling face may screen an aching heart, for naturally even acrobats are not completely immune from sorrow or pain.

It is a fact worthy of note, and one which can scarcely be explained (unless it be the question of early training), that the English, whilst to an extent fond of gymnastics, provide but a small percentage of our entertainers in that line, preferring rather that their prowess should be confined to the privacy of the gymnasia. Therefore, it becomes only natural that we should have to look to foreigners for the sensational in the gymnastic entertaining line. This may be classed under two headings, viz., that requiring apparatus, such as trapeze performances, the flying rings, or horizontal bars, and that in which tumbling and balancing forms the primary part. It is this latter with which the present article deals, and in this respect few nations can compare with those who hail from Arabia, which provides a large proportion of

A PYRAMID—(1) FIRST STAGE.

A PYRAMID—(2) SECOND STAGE.

tumblers and acrobats. The photographs which embellish this article are those of an Arabian troupe, and were specially taken to demonstrate the high efficiency in balancing which the Arabs have attained. The troupe numbered ten, including a couple of clever female gymnasts, who did their full share of the work of the show, and the steadiness of the various groups may better be realised when it is pointed out that the photographs were taken indoors, under most unfavourable conditions. Naturally quickness of movement is a great essential in the working of such a troupe, and here we have alertness itself, for in the twinkling of an eye a pyramid three storeys high is made with as much ease as is required to place three bricks one upon the other. It looks quite simple, and yet how much time and practice must have been expended in bringing this apparently easy feat to perfection! The senior member of the troupe, a short but well built, muscular fellow supplies the foundation of the pyramid, and whilst another lithesome man twines himself around the loins of the former, those who are to comprise the "second storey" are hoisted into position by the remainder, whilst one of the younger and lighter of the troupe makes his way over the hips and shoulders of his confreres, and the pyramid is complete. No less interesting is the breaking-up of the set piece, all those taking part reaching the ground in the

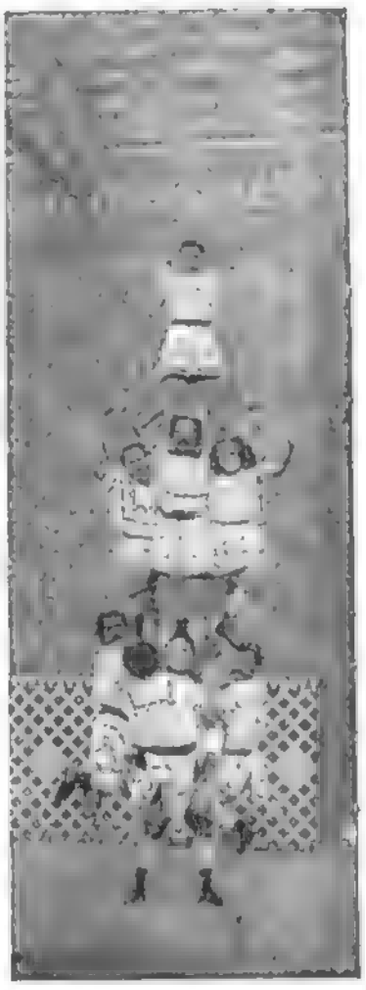
A PYRAMID—(3) COMPLETE.

A CLEVER GROUPING.

twinkling of an eye, and before one has time to realise the position yet another group is in progress of formation. This time eight of the troupe are called into requisition, and

ANOTHER CLEVER GROUP.

the base has to sustain the weight of no fewer than seven members of the troupe, which means, in the aggregate, something like 1,000 lbs. Following this come some very clever groupings, in which the whole of the troupe take part, the female members figuring with equal prominence with their more



A DIFFICULT FEAT: ONE MAN SUPPORTING SEVEN.

muscular partners. Altogether it was a most instructive exhibition, and one which tended to show that those hailing from foreign parts are as yet far in advance of us in the matter of gymnastics.

M. A. H.

NOTES of THE MONTH

Mr. Cody's Kite Voyage.

Mr. S. F. Cody, to whom attention was drawn in last month's magazine in an article on Kite Flying, has succeeded in his endeavour to cross the Channel with his collapsible boat drawn by a kite.

When he started on the Friday evening there was a bright moon, but the air was very chilly, and as the night wore on he suffered considerably from the cold, although enveloped in oil-skins and wearing a lifebelt. The first mile was accomplished in 25 minutes, and up to seven miles everything went well, the kite carrying the little craft along at a good pace, with an easterly drift owing to the fast flowing tide.

At this point the breeze changed, however, and Mr. Cody's abilities were taxed to the utmost; indeed, he had to exercise all his great skill in order to keep his kite up, and he had to continually throw out his sea anchor, in order to get greater resistance. In an interview, he said: "If I had not made a thorough study of the science of kite flying I should never have been able to keep up my kite. On an average I kept my kite up to an altitude of a quarter of a mile. Once or twice I suffered from sea-sickness, and all I had to eat during the night was a hard biscuit."

Photo by permission of the Stage Souvenir Co.]

THE EARL OF PLUMLEIGH
(Mr. A. E. Matthews in "Little Mary.")

* * *

The play which is drawing all London to Wyndham's Theatre is one which appeals considerably to the lover of physical culture, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Barrie has so much faith in the Sandow apparatus as to bring it before the notice of his audiences through the agency of the Earl of Plumleigh (Mr. A. E. Matthews), who, as shown in the accompanying photograph, goes through his exercises most assiduously at each performance.

* * *

A feature of the Christmas number of "T. P.'s Weekly" will be an Art Supplement, reproducing in photogravure a portrait of the Editor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, from a life-

size portrait by Mr. J. H. Bacon, A.R.A. Mr. Bacon is one of the youngest Associates of the Royal Academy, his magnificent paintings "The Return of the C.I.V." and "Coronation of Edward VII." being classed amongst the great pictures of recent years. The literary contributors to the issue include Mr. George Gissing, E. F. Benson, H. B. Marriott-Watson, Helen Mathers, Barry Pain, Tom Gallon, etc. Such a combination of high-class literature and art should render "T. P.'s Christmas Number" one of the biggest things of the Christmas season.

* * *

The English Team in Australia.

The team sent out by the Marylebone Cricket Club made a very creditable start; this in no small measure due to the grand effort of Tom Hayward, the famous Surrey batsman, who, in the first match of the tour, compiled 157.

Mr. C. B. Fry, writing of Hayward's prowess, mentions how unwise it is that, because a player happens to be off-colour for one season, he should be considered to have deteriorated.

TOM HAYWARD,
The Famous Surrey Cricketer

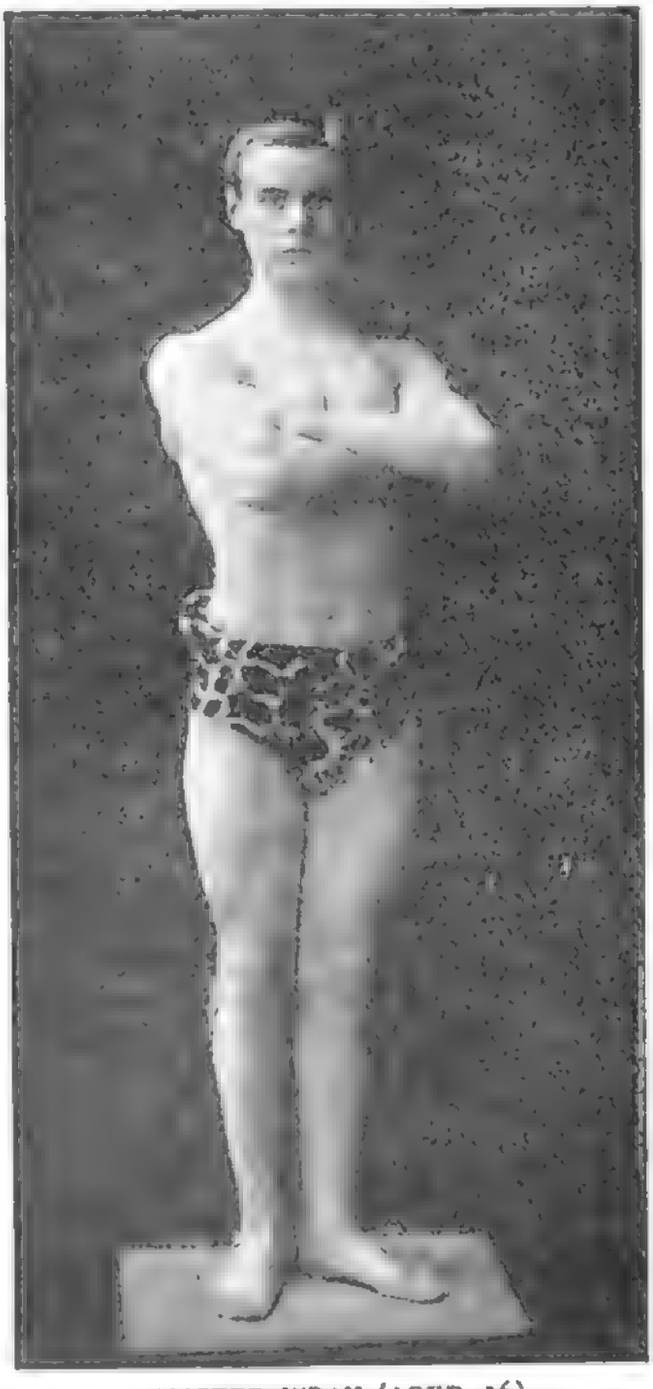
He says that there was some discussion at first as to whether or not Hayward should be invited to accompany the team, but he was ultimately included, and if Tom has recovered his pristine verve, then we may expect much in the test matches.

* * *

Physical Culture in New Zealand.

The following interesting leading article appeared in the *Dannevirke Advocat* (N.Z.) recently:—With advancing civilisation, the struggle for existence becomes daily keener and more strenuous. The twentieth century is pre-eminently an age dominated by the law of the survival of the fittest, and it therefore behoves all who would succeed to leave no stone unturned to bring themselves to the starting post, trained to the last ounce, for the race of life. That this is being recognised is amply demonstrated by the great and growing popularity of the "physical culture" movement, particularly at home and in the colonies. Men have begun to realise that brain alone, unbacked by good health and a sound constitution, is more likely to bring a heritage of woe than happiness and success. Mentality must, of course, triumph over mere muscle, for the brief space during which the strain can be sustained, but the tension invariably gives, and then comes the snap. "A sound mind in a sound body" sums up the two greatest blessings with which man can be endowed, and happy is he so favoured. Much was at one time heard from narrow-minded æsthetics as to the so-called waste of time frittered away in the pursuit of sports and athletics. Happily for the race, however, these views carried just as little weight as they were worth, and during the past few years the tide of public opinion has rolled swiftly in the opposite direction, sweeping with it a washed-out flotsam of fads and fallacies. The man who, above all others, has vitalised and guided into safe channels the movement for "physical culture" is Eugen Sandow, one of the finest specimens of muscular and, at the same time, intelligent manhood the present era has seen. Under his supervision, physical culture schools have been established all

over Europe, America, and Australasia, and the practically universal success which they have reaped testifies eloquently to the merits of the strong man's system. Thousands of young men and women who now breathe with the freedom of health, and carry themselves with the ease and grace of vigorous vitality, owe their physical redemption to Sandow's system, which is every day making more converts. Hitherto Dannevirke has had no opportunity of testing the value of Sandow's theory, but we are glad that a chance has now been presented. One of the cardinal virtues of the system is its adaptability. Youth, manhood, and middle age are all provided for, and no matter how old the pupil be, or of which sex, a prescribed course is ready to hand which, if diligently persevered in, can hardly fail to have the required effect. As indicated, much has already been accomplished in the way of physical culture, but much yet remains undone, and it is a moot question whether greater attention should not be given to the subject in our public schools. It is of the highest importance that the physique of the rising youth should be improved as much as possible, and it appears to us that more actual good might be accomplished in this direction than by filling the minds of the children with a knowledge of unnecessary subjects which, in nearly all cases, are lost to them as soon as they leave school.



MASTER WRAY (AGED 16).

* * *

It would appear that the municipal authorities in Scotland are taking to heart the remarks contained in the recent Report of the Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scotland, as we read that the Glasgow Corporation has entered into an arrangement for supplying milk for infant feeding in poor localities.

* * *

I have great pleasure in publishing the photo of Master Wray, a member of the Southport Working Lads' Club and a pupil of Mr. E. H. Wood, of Southport, who has done much towards making the Sandow system known in the north-west of England. Master Wray, who is a fine example of physical culture and the results of systematic exercise, was the winner of the gold medal for the best developed member of the Lads' Club, not more than twenty years of age. Few lads at the age of sixteen are able to boast such fine proportions, and the measurements, as given below, are ones which it would be well for every boy to try and emulate.

MASTER WRAY'S MEASUREMENTS.

Age 16 years. Height 5 ft. 4¼ in. Weight 8st. 13½ lb.

Neck	14 in.	Forearm right ...	11½ in.
Waist	27½ ,,	Forearm left ...	11 ,,
Chest contracted	34½ ,,	Thigh right ...	20 ,,
Chest expanded	39½ ,,	Thigh left ...	20 ,,
Upper arm right	12 ,,	Calf right ...	14½ ,,
Upper arm left...	11½ ,,	Calf left	14½ ,,

* * *

Physical Education in Italy.

Italian scientists who have been recently engaged in an inquiry into the physical condition of the Italian people have come to the conclusion that although the poorer classes in Italy are better nourished than the poorer class of Englishmen, the physical standard in England is higher than it is in Italy, and they also affirm that although they can discover but scant signs of physical degeneration in the English people, the reverse, unhappily, is the fact in regard to the Italian race. This difference they attribute to the great attention paid in England to all outdoor games and physical pastimes, while the reverse holds good in Italy. It is also due to this fact that Englishmen show so wonderful an aptitude for colonising, the varying climatic conditions appearing to affect them but little, in consequence of the strengthening of the national constitution by unremitting indulgence in all outdoor pastimes continued for generations; Italians, for a precisely opposite reason, making but very poor colonists. As indulgence in field sports and games of all kinds has thus tended to make the average Englishman physically sound and endowed him with a strong constitution, they urge the immediate necessity for the introduction of similar exercises into Italy. Cricket, football, hockey, etc., it is urged, should systematically be encouraged, and introduced into the Italian Universities as a means of popularising such sports throughout the country. There is, in fact, a growing tendency in Italy towards athleticism of all kinds, a tendency which ought to be encouraged in every way if the health of the people and an improvement in their physical condition be, as it should, the first consideration of the governing bodies. That other countries are beginning to realise the enormous benefits derived by the nation from free indulgence in all open-air sports and games is proved by the wonderful strides which, what with pardonable pride, we may style English sports, have been made in such countries as France and Germany since their recent introduction. This sudden awakening of both scientific and practical men of all countries to the imperative need of improving the physical condition of the people is a most healthy sign, and a most hearty tribute to those who have led the way.

SAMOAN LOOSE ELBOW JOINT.

This peculiarity is quite common amongst the natives of Samoa.

* * *

The Nation's Physique.

The specially appointed Committee to inquire into the state of the national physique have held another meeting recently at the Privy Council Office, and work was begun in real earnest. The facts on the subject already available received the consideration of the Committee, and arrangements were also made for witnesses to be called at the next meeting.

The King of Italy at Rambouillet.

By PAUL MEGUIN.

The recent visit of their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy to England should make the accompanying article, giving the impressions of a French writer of his Majesty as a sportsman, very interesting at this time. It is a significant fact, and one which points to the consideration of his Majesty King Edward for his Royal visitor's favourite sport, that the only excursions arranged during their Majesties' visit were a couple of shoots at Windsor.

KNOWING his Majesty the King of Italy to be an ardent sportsman, the President of the French Republic offered him some shooting in the State preserves at Rambouillet. There were nine guns, under the direction of Lieut.-Colonel Lamy, all arrangements having been left in the hands of Messrs. Bertrand and Jeannerat, the Inspector and Garde Général des Forêts. Lieut.-Colonel Lamy undertook to show his Majesty the different methods of beating practised in France. The gamekeepers went on in advance of the party in order to beat down the game, and a flying battue took place at the Rond Pont de la Chasseuse. It had rained the whole morning, and the pheasants, which formed the special feature of the shoot, returned to the woods, so there was a battue sur place, the beaters bringing down the game which flew over the heads of the sportsmen. This was followed by a new flying battue on the Ducambard Road.

At Rambouillet there is a rabbit farm

General Dalstein. M. Grange Dauphin (the King's Loader). M. Bertrand. The King.

ON THE ROAD TO THE PHEASANTRIES.

M. Bertrand (Forest Insp.). M. Grange Dauphin. The King.
IN THE RABBIT FARM (VIEILLES BERGERIES). THE KING AWAITING THE RABBIT DRIVE.

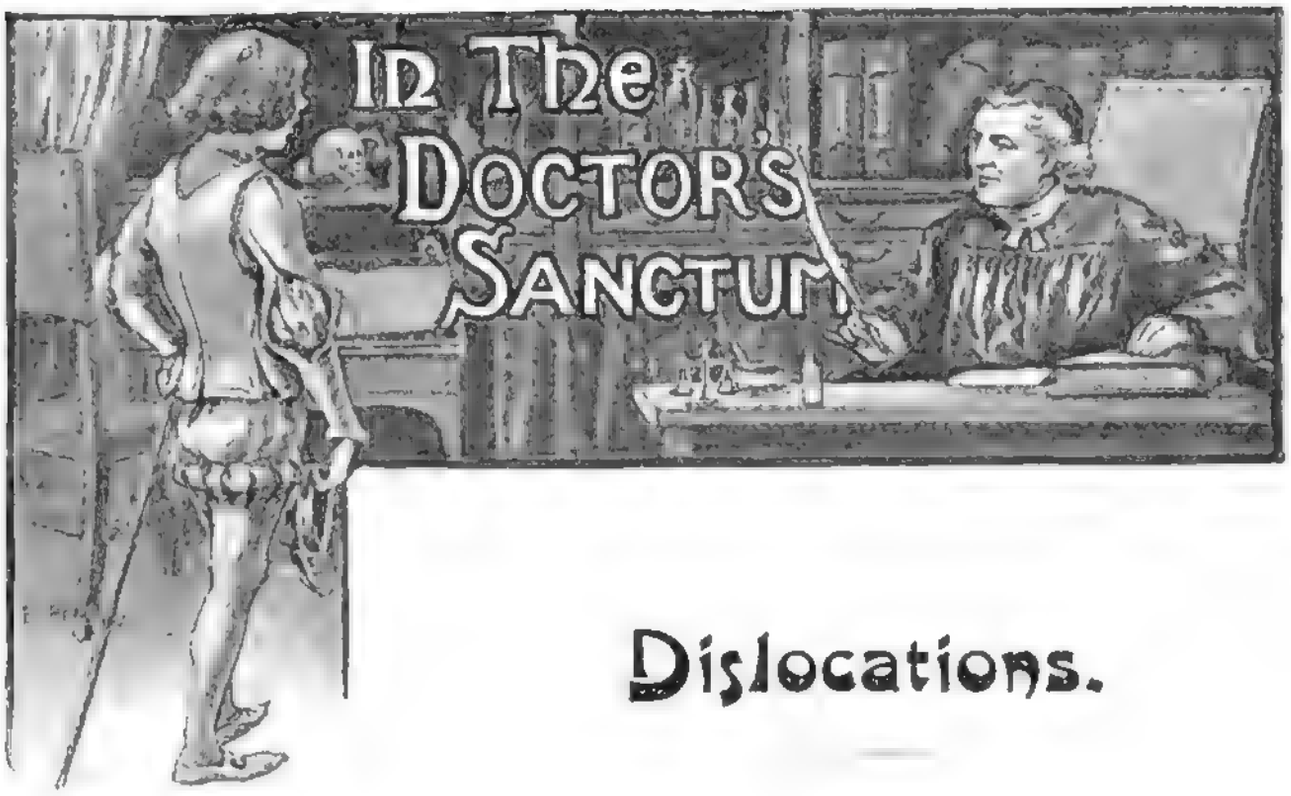
A BATCH OF PHEASANTS RISE, AND THE KING WITH HIS FIRST SHOT KNOCKS OVER A FINE COCK.

called the "Vieilles Bergeries," well known to the world of sport, comprising no less than 15 hectares. Upwards of 300 rabbits were shot, the greater number falling to M. Loubet's gun. The President is well known for his skill in this particular and difficult style of shooting, and is, in addition, an excellent left-handed shot. If the King of Italy has not had much practice in rabbit shooting, at all events, he excels in pheasant shooting, and several times he succeeded in bringing down birds with long right and left shots. We may remark that his Majesty King Victor Emanuel, who was the "Roi de la Chasse," was perhaps the one who fired the fewest cartridges. He shoots straight and true, and does not waste his powder. The bag consisted of 382 pheasants, 244 rabbits, 6 deer, 5 partridges, 3 hares, and 1 green woodpecker, making a total of 681; excellent results for five battues, which lasted a little over three hours. The Royal visitor brought down 130 head of game.

M. Loubet shot the unfortunate little woodpecker, which is considered to be one of the most useful of birds for agricultural purposes. He, however, in this did not show a good example, and his loader would have done his duty in summoning him for destroying a useful bird, and I am sure the President, who, when in the Senate, was one of the greatest defenders of small birds, would have thought it the proper course to pursue. But in the excitement of the shoot these accidents happen to others besides the President of the Republic, who, at least acknowledged his crime in allowing the woodpecker to be exhibited amongst the other trophies of the shoot.

[Photos, etc., by permission of the proprietors "La Vie au Grand Air."

WITH THE SECOND SHOT THE KING FIRES HIS FAMOUS "COUP DU ROI" AT A HEN.



Dislocations.

HAVING dealt last month with the commonest of dislocations, viz., of the shoulder, I propose devoting this treatise to one or two others which, although not so common, still occur fairly frequently. It is true that in some of these dislocations you cannot do much except put the patient in the most comfortable position, but if you are able to diagnose the dislocation, and also assure the patient that there is nothing serious you will have done a good service. As an example, we will first take dislocation of the clavicle (collar-bone).

This dislocation is generally the outcome of a fall on the side of the shoulder. The force, acting on what we call the "acromion of the scapula," the collar-bone does not break; it will be levered out of position and thrust forward over the sternum, or chest-bone. The articulation of these two bones, the collar-bone and the chest-bone, is so bad that one cannot wonder at these dislocations being so common, and, certainly, next to dislocations of the shoulder-joint, I have come across, in the football field, more cases of collar-bone dislocations than of any other joint. I must warn you, in these cases, to be careful that there is no fracture of the bone, and for that purpose you should make a very careful examination. You have, in these cases, the usual symptoms of pain and deformity. Place the patient before you, as you did in the shoulder-joint dislocation, and compare the two sides, and you will notice the unnatural position of the bone overlapping the chest-bone. There is, of course, shortness in the distance from the shoulder to the centre of the sternum when compared with the other side. This, the unnatural rigidity of the part, and the pain ought to be enough for your diagnosis. Now you may try to do what you can for your patient, so as to make him as comfortable as possible, because I am afraid that you will not be able to do much more. You may try to put the bone back in its place by getting behind him, and, having placed your knee between the shoulder blades, pull the shoulders gently back, and the dislocation will reduce, but you will find that when you let go the shoulder it will go back again, so that really the best thing you can do is to put his arm into a good sling and let him go to a doctor.

This bone may also be dislocated in its outer part, where it articulates with the above-mentioned "acromion of the scapula." In these cases, you see the bone at the outer end projecting under the skin. These dislocations are not so common, and about the

only thing you can do is to put on a short sling, bracing the humerus well up. With regard to passive movement, although many begin movement in a week, I generally follow the rule of shoulder dislocations, and start ten days to a fortnight afterwards. Certainly in the case of shoulder dislocations it is always advisable to wait at least fourteen days, although I, with many others, very often break this rule. The gentle use of developer or grip dumb-bells two or three weeks after the arm is taken out of the sling will prove very beneficial to the part.

Although we do not often meet with dislocations of the kneecap in outdoor sport, still, sometimes they do occur, and not only to the unfortunate knock-kneed subjects who are more prone to them, but to those who are not knock-kneed. The bone slips up to the outer edge of the femur, and may even go as far as lie at the side of it. The deformity is quite visible, and there is pain with impairment of the function.

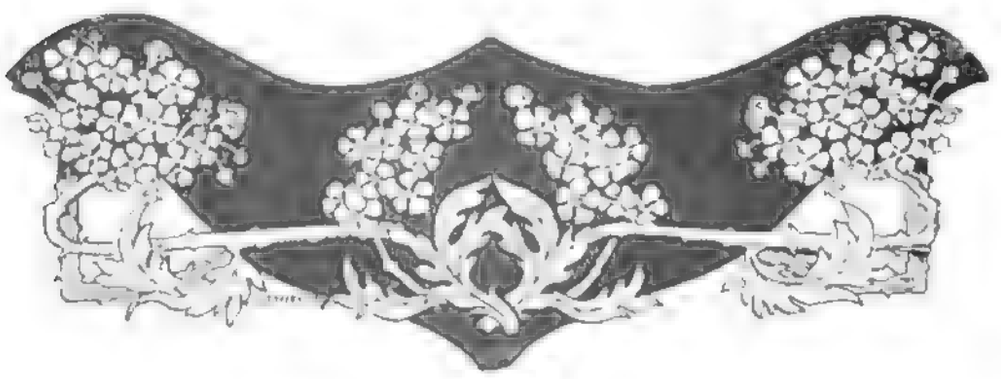
Sometimes a push with the thumb is enough to put the kneecap back into position. To do this extend the knee-joint and flex the hip, then push back into position and fix the joint with straps, leaving the doctor to do the rest, as it wants to be well fixed.

This injury to the knee is sometimes followed by effusion of fluid into the joint. The part may become enormously swollen, even to giving the joint a deformed look. Fluctuation (*i.e*, the presence of fluid) can be easily made out. You have what the doctors call a dancing patella. There is really no pain worth mentioning, but a feeling of uneasiness caused naturally by the distension. The worst part of these effusions is that they take such a long time to cure, and that a relapse after cure is very common.

As to treatment. In simple cases rest and bandaging for several weeks from the ankle to the thigh may be enough. If this fails I should send for a medical man, who will probably have to aspirate, use injections, or adopt other forms of treatment which would be unsafe for you to try, or of which you would understand nothing. I have added these few words on what the doctors call "Hydrops Articuli," because it is so common in cases of injury to the knee-joint.

Going from the subject of dislocations, perhaps a few words on sprain of the ankle, which is certainly common, may be useful. In many of these sprains there has been a dislocation, and the parts have returned to their normal positions, so that you may really call a sprain an approach to a dislocation.

In these cases it is the tendons round the joint that are injured, and the parts become stiff, swollen, and painful. Do not make light of it, but rest the limb, rub and bathe the parts; cover the part with cotton-wool, and surround with a Martin's bandage, and a few days after begin passive movement and encourage the patient to move about little by little, in order to effect a permanent cure.



The Walking Craze in Paris.

THE START.

THE AMATEUR MARATHON.

AFTER all the grand attempts to popularise sport; after all the walks of amateurs, or aspiring amateurs, if I may so term them, it is sad to relate that the Marathon Amateur Meeting has not achieved the triumphant success of previous years. Just imagine 270 starters—not even 300! Poor, after the 1,000 entries of the Nouveate Club, 3,000 of the Midinettes, and the indefinite number of the Corporation Club! Truly there has been a surfeit of it this year—the public has had its fill. Vast spectacles have been arranged, admirably prepared to strike the imagination; but notwithstanding all, it is to be feared that the sporting instincts have not been raised. All have been much amused, but I think they could have been more advantageously engaged as regards sport, for it is to be feared that now they will be more likely to become interested in walking matches of errand boys than in the performance of an athlete such as Schmidtkoffer, who did the 40 kilometres in 2 hours 28 min. 55 secs. He was almost untrained, but he won easily from among a redoubtable crowd of adversaries of high repute. Schmidtkoffer proved his marvellous courage, at times shut in a compact

REFRESHMENTS ON THE WAY.

squad, sometimes without his pacer, and left behind by a goodly number of competitors. Thanks to his energy and repeated efforts, he succeeded in maintaining his position in the van. In one word, he is a fine athlete and a true sportsman in every sense; one who has just added his name to the list of the glorious conquerors of the Marathon Amateurs.

A word of praise is due to the worthy athlete Huteau, who had the courage to oppose Schmidtkoffer, but who had to be content with second place in three minutes' slower time. He led for a good part of the race, and as far as Rocquencourt we saw him going at a good pace. It was then that Schmidtkoffer got level, and the famous duel ensued, which terminated after a Homeric struggle by the victory of the champion of the Sports Athletiques Club. In addition, the same club gained a double triumph by Schmidtkoffer carrying off the first place and the Challenge Dubonnet, which was previously held by the Union Athletique Clodoaldienne by a single point. We also have to register the popular victories of Kohler, of the U.S.F.S.A., who finished first among the novices; and Marchais, who came in first of the veterans.

In comparison with previous years, this year's Marathon has given most appreciable results; nevertheless we must confess after this classic trial, following on so many others, that pedestrian sport may flatter itself it has turned to a new page in its history. The time has come when people's thoughts are turned more than ever towards sport, although they seem to move in a wrong direction. There are now three grades of athletes—professionals, amateur professionals, and amateur amateurs.* So if the professionals are again successful, if the would-be amateurs (owing to their large reinforcements) curry favour with the public, the old amateur members will be in a sorry plight.

LEADERS CROSSING ST. CLOUD BRIDGE.

[* A very happy comparison which well might obtain in other countries than France.—Ed. "S.M."]

THE WINNER—SCHMIDTKOFFER.

When one considers that a professional like Cibot earns in all only 2,600 francs annually, the only conclusion to come to is that something better might be done. Want of space does not permit the solving of the problem, but if an increasing development of amateurism in general be desired, in order to fight against the danger they are likely to meet with, professionals must look to a higher standard.

If you met anyone in the street, and you asked him who was the greatest athlete amongst the Marathon Amateurs or the Marche des Banquiers, he would exclaim "Marathon! why, what is that?"

It would be a pity when this year so much has been heard of on the subject of sport, that the attention of the public is not turned in the proper direction and that the feats of athletes of note do not suffice in themselves to attract.

[It would appear from the above that in France much the same apathy in regard to athletics prevails there as in this country.—Ed. "S.M."]

THE WALK OF THE MIDINETTES.

Red and blue, white and cream, mellowed tints of yellow, black relieved by colour, cloth toques adorned with ribbons of all colours, short skirts, knickers, little hands,

WINNER OF THE BEAUTY PRIZE.

little feet, dainty figures, smiling faces, eyes with dark circles round them, wild headgears, cake-walk antics, all in the Tuileries Gardens early in the morning, resplendent in youth and light-heartedness.

Midinettes! Midi! Dinette! Auguste Germain, the grammarian, has made some observations on the pretty combination of the two words. One can picture to oneself a living toy, so small, so dainty, that instead of eating she nibbles, instead of walking she glides. This day the pretty

BEFORE THE START—COMPETITORS WATCHING THE GOLDFISH IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS.

little purchasers of fried potatoes are somewhat astonished that as soon as they appear they are feted, although their pliant nature readily adapts itself to this luxury of unforeseen publicity. What wouldn't they have given to be photographed? They are quite excited at being the observed of all observers, for these midinettes are not little lay figures with weary eyes and downcast looks, who unceasingly display their compulsory elegance before aristocratic dames, neither are they the ladies who show off the costumes in the swell shops; they are the busy little ants that are to be found in the attics of large houses. Many floors above the gorgeous salons where their wonderful work is displayed, these poor little creatures vegitate 'neath low ceilings, cooped up, breathing foul air, but bright and happy notwithstanding all—until they hear the tinkle of the sausage and fried potatoe-man's bell, or the cry of the baker with his bread and liver rolls. No! The dressmaking and millinery aristocracy are not amongst them, but are waiting amongst the thousands of spectators pushing their way to obtain a glimpse of the 2,500 competitors. The crowd—a friendly one—many of them not more than fifteen years old, others, old corsairs of 40 or 50, well known on the Paris pavements, the majority of whom show but few sporting instincts. The excitement is contagious, and forming a ring they dance madly around in their bright-coloured garments and dainty headgear, their little bodies swaying in all sorts of amusing contortions.

AN EARNEST COMPETITOR.

The gates of the Tuileries open wide, and the signal to start is given to these charming little representatives of Parisian toilers.

A band of dirty street arabs with lank, greasy hair, crooked legs and squinting eyes soon appear. All the gangrene of the pavement is there and pour forth a volley of sorry jokes on the bevy of light bodices and limp blouses. The fête was a failure, and it was only at Nanterre that the first arrivals could be distinguished. The trials and tribulations are soon forgotten, and only the bright side remembered.

TRADES UNIONS' WALK.

The Marches des Athletes and des Midinettes, dealt with in the foregoing, were as nothing compared with the scene in the Bois de Boulogne on the second Sunday in last month, when the various trade unions, also seized by the walking craze, decided a race of over 40 kilometers, for which the extraordinary and, we should think, record number of 3,800 competitors put in an appearance.

So far as the race itself was concerned, it was somewhat of a fiasco, for so great was the crush that some of the competitors had

THE MIDINETTES AND THE CROWD GET MIXED UP.

UPWARDS OF 2,500 GIRLS STARTED, YOUNG AND OLD.

CLAUDINE TURNS MIDINETTE.

to literally fight their way through, with the result that their scanty attire suffered considerably. Those in the van, of course, had the advantage, and the winner was credited with doing the full distance in two minutes under the four hours, with the second man less than a minute behind.

The scene when the word "go" was given was almost indescribable, and all along the route huge crowds greeted the competitors. The performance of the winner, in covering the distance in less than four hours, is considered by French sporting writers to be unique in the annals of walking in France. The placings of the first ten men were as follows:—

1. F. Harlet (Quevillais Walking Club), 3 hrs. 58 mins.
2. Couratin (Paris Athletic Club), 3 hrs. 59 mins.
3. G. Barroy (Union des Sports de Paris), 4 hrs.
4. L. Figuier, 4 hrs. 1 min.
5. A. Laurens, 4 hrs. 1 mins. 30 secs.

6 and 7. L. Salesse and P. Schmidt, dead heat, 4 hrs. 3 mins.

8. G. Morise.
9. M. Descieux.
10. H. Suzan.

SOME SHOW EXUBERANCE OF SPIRIT.

Photos, etc., by permission of the Proprietors *La Vie au Grand Air*.

Great Wrestling Match for £300.

HACKENSCHMIDT AGAIN DEFEATS PIERRI.

IF the first match between these two great exponents of the two accepted styles of wrestling, Hackenschmidt and Pierri, proved a draw, their return match eclipsed all others. Rarely has such a scene been witnessed in the Oxford Music Hall as that on Thursday, November 12, when the men did battle for the second time for stakes amounting in all to £300. From floor to ceiling the house was packed to its utmost capacity. In fact, it was not possible to obtain a ticket after the Monday prior to the contest.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first meeting of the two, only one fall was contested, under Græco-Roman conditions, and on this occasion "the Russian lion" won after a great contest lasting nearly twenty-six minutes.

Smarting under his defeat, Pierri lost no time in again throwing down the gauntlet, but stipulating that the contest should be the best of three falls, the styles to be Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can, whilst, if a third bout was necessary, to be decided on the spin of a coin as to which style was to be contested.

Long before the time arranged for the men to be on the mat, athletes of every branch of sport surged into the building, and a glance around the hall showed what a representative gathering it was.

It was thought Pierri, having forced the concession of the catch-as-catch-can style, was gaining a slight advantage over the Russian, who professed to have no particular liking for it, but immediately after the match was ratified he took the precaution to get a thorough insight into the differences of style.

In our last issue we dealt fully with the two participants, and there is no necessity to recapitulate.

Pierri won the toss for choice of first fall and chose Græco-Roman. As in the previous match, Hackenschmidt was the aggressor, and went for a neck hold, but Pierri displayed plenty of cleverness and slipped nimbly free. The work was very fast, Hackenschmidt evidently being bent on quickly wearing his opponent out, and at the end of a minute and a half he had his man down. His efforts to pull his opponent over, however, proved futile, for Pierri was not to be moved, and escaping a half-Nelson, at the end of three minutes was on the floor again. The Greek was sent down again, but at the end of five minutes positions were reversed, and both were blowing freely. This effort on the part of Pierri tired him considerably, but he managed to get away again, and at the end of seven minutes they were both up again. In the tussle that ensued Hackenschmidt was again the aggressor, but Pierri succeeded in getting out of a tight corner, and some hot

GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT.
Specially taken for "Sandow's Magazine" in the dressing room at the Oxford just before the match.

ANTONIO PIERRI.
Specially taken for "Sandow's Magazine" in the dressing room at the Oxford just before the match.

work ensued on the mat. The Russian next executed a very clever lift from the floor, and hereabouts the Greek began to show signs of weakness. Hackenschmidt thereupon renewed his efforts, and finally, after 17 minutes and 11 seconds had elapsed, he applied a half-Nelson with such effect that Pierri was pinned to the floor. So the first fall went to the Russian.

After fifteen minutes' rest the men stood up again for the second bout, which was to be in the catch-as-catch-can style. In this Pierri was soon busy, and his leg-holds troubled the Russian considerably. Hackenschmidt was the first to go down, but was soon up again, and failed to bring off a leg and shoulder throw. Pierri showed smartness in his foot work, and repeated applause greeted his efforts in getting out of difficulties.

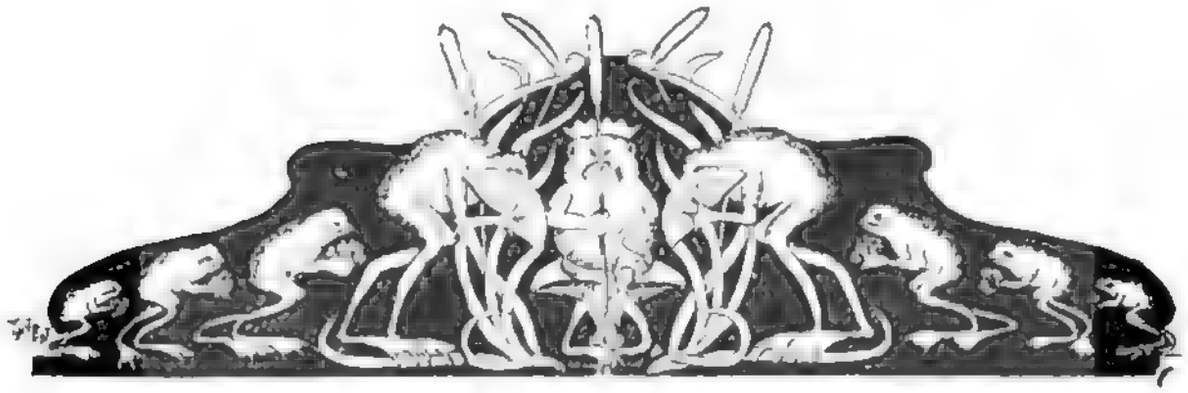
After two minutes had elapsed, Hackenschmidt got his man down, and, making a great effort, tried to turn him over. Then he tried the elbow roll, but Pierri locked the Russian's right leg, and at the end of four minutes both men were again facing each other.

Shortly afterwards Hackenschmidt picked up the Greek and threw him heavily to the mat, but Pierri escaped from an awkward position, and once more was on top. He got his opponent into a very awkward position, but had not sufficient strength to pin him down.

After about thirteen minutes had elapsed Pierri, as in the first bout, began to tire perceptibly, and after fifteen and two-fifths seconds of wrestling Hackenschmidt secured the second fall, and so won the match.

So far as skill is concerned, Pierri was undoubtedly the superior, his cleverness enabling him to withstand the onslaughts of his more youthful opponent for much longer than one would have imagined possible, and, whilst beaten, the Greek was not by any means disgraced.

Hackenschmidt, who appeared to carry a superabundance of flesh, as usual, perspired very freely, but he does a tremendous amount of work, and is full of stamina. Pierri appeared to accept his defeat with very good grace, and acknowledged that his opponent was much the stronger, but would not give in to him for cleverness. After the match Tanai threw down a challenge to Hackenschmidt, but as the Japanese method is altogether strange to the Russian it is scarcely likely that anything will result therefrom.



The New Cabinet.

"WHAT I want to know," said the small man in the opposite corner of the carriage, "is what are they going to do for C. B. Fry?" He put down his *Sportsman* as he spoke, and looked at me interrogatively.

I returned the question of his gaze. "For Fry?" I echoed. It had not occurred to me that Mr. Fry needed anything, now that the cricket season was over, except rest and perhaps a football or so.

"The New Colonial Secretary's all right," he continued, "but he's not C. B. Fry." I admitted his point, and this encouraged him to repeat his question, which I was still unable to answer.

"Now my idea is this," he said confidentially. "Let Fry go to the Home Office. That's the place for him. He's a literary man and all that—I read his articles in the *Daily Express* myself—and he knows as much about English wickets as any man in this country."

It began to dawn on me that the small man was reconstructing the Cabinet on the lines indicated by Mr. Balfour. "Not a bad idea at all," I admitted.

"And then there's Maclaren," he went on. "He's the man for the Colonial Office, really. Name me the man who knows more about Australian wickets. Lyttelton could move on to the Foreign Office."

"But," I objected, "there's Warner to be considered—and Lord Lansdowne. The country can't spare him; he knows French."

"Warner must be recalled," the small man agreed, "but he can have the Exchequer. They needn't clash. As for Lansdowne, all the old lot must go. I daresay Lyttelton knows enough French for Continental cricket; they don't play much over there, I'm told. Then," he went on, "there's Ranjitsinhji for the India Office—couldn't have a better appointment. For the War Office . . . ." he hesitated.

"Major Poore," I suggested tentatively.

"That's the man," he said with enthusiasm. "But where is Poore? That's what I want to know. What has he disappeared for like a—like a——" he paused for a word.

"Meteor," I suggested.

He accepted the word.

"Yes, what have they sent a man like that out of the country for? There's gross mismanagement of the War Office for you. He's the man for reform. He's suffered himself, so he'll know what to do. Then there's Lord Hawke for Lord President of the Council, and Jessop and Jackson——" the little man ran on till he had filled up all the posts that occurred to him.

"What about Mr. Balfour?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Oh, he can stay where he is," said my interlocutor generously. His golf's a qualification. But he'll be a weak spot in the team," he added, with a note of regret in his voice.

"The team?" I repeated in surprise. "You mean Cabinet, surely."

"Same thing," he replied. "All the Colonies will send elevens over to play the Cabinet, and I defy you to find a better cement for the Empire. And they'll take a lot of beating. But I'm not sure of Balfour." He shook his head gravely.

"Perhaps Mr. Balfour will be content to umpire," I suggested, as I rose to get out at my station. "He's not been very lucky as captain so far."—*Punch.*

A Married Man's Ideas of Physical Culture.

By A. BENEDICT.

AFTER a long and exhaustive, not to say exhausting, study of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that the writers, or at least the great majority, who pen articles dealing with what they call the science of physical culture, are bachelors; and therefore it follows, as a matter of course, that what they write applies only to bachelors. For, as I hope to show, the bachelor knowing nothing at all of married men's lives is not qualified to speak or write on any matter wherein they are concerned. Certainly no married man would dream of writing such stuff as one reads in physical culture magazines, nor would any Benedict in his senses dream of taking such advice as is given.

Readers are invited, nay, commanded, to go in for dumb-bell exercises, developer movements, and chest expander tricks; now, I ask, would any well-disposed married man out of an asylum recommend such senseless diversions for his companions in misery—I mean, blessedness. Certainly not; he knows that every married man gets all the exercise he needs, and far more than he wants, in the discharge of the thousand and one duties begotten of his fettered state.

Let me take as an example the married man who lives in the suburbs and owns a garden; is he the man who requires fifteen

"ROUGHLY JOSTLED BY RUDE YOUTHS."

minutes night and morning with the dumb-bells or Blankley's Exerciser? It is obvious to any married man that such a recommendation is as foolish as it is superfluous. Why the garden alone, not to speak of the inside of the house, provides him with more exercise than any healthy man normally requires. He has a grass plot in his back garden, of course; such gardens always have, and the house agent facetiously describes it as a lawn; equally, of course, he has a lawn-mower with which to keep the grass short. Now all married men know—the unmarried ones, luckily for themselves, do not—that a lawn-mower is capable of providing more muscular exercise than all the dumb-bells and developers on the market, more particularly if it be one of not very recent pattern. Pushing his lawn-mower over his bit of grass, which is never, by any chance,

PUSHING HIS LAWN-MOWER OVER HIS BIT OF GRASS . . . IS HARDER WORK THAN THE MOST ROBUST NAVVY EVER PERFORMS."

level, is harder work than the most robust navvy ever performs. Forty minutes' grass cutting is equivalent, in my estimation (and my opinion ought to be worth something, for I have had many summers' experience), to,

"ENDEAVOURING TO INDUCE HIS LAST BORN INFANT TO GO TO SLEEP."

at least, fourteen hours such work as the average British navvy amuses himself with, and to quite four hours of the hardest dumb-bell or developer work.

Thousands of men do this sort of thing every week of their lives between March—Good Friday is, as a rule, the day of the opening performance—and Michaelmas; and then some callow youth who has never handled a lawn-mower in his life has the effrontery to state that the majority of men, including married men, do not take sufficient exercise. But when that youth gets married he will alter his tune, having become wiser.

A lawn-mower is the most complete form of exerciser the ingenuity of man ever devised; there are no limitations to the number and variety of movements that may be made with it. Didactic athletes who believe themselves competent to teach their long-suffering brethren what to do and how it should be done tell us, each according to his own prejudices in the matter, that boxing, fencing, wrestling, swimming, etc., are ideally perfect pastimes, inasmuch as by any one of them every single muscle in the body is developed. But why run the risk of having one's features forcibly and painfully distorted, one's eye poked out or one's thigh bruised until it is all the colours of the rainbow; why risk one's neck being broken; being drowned or compelled to swallow gallons of dirty fresh or salt water, when the same benefits to an infinitely greater degree may be obtained by using the lawn-mower? The man who does use one knows that such is the fact. Is there *any* individual part of one's muscular anatomy the lawn-mower will not make stiff and sore? Arms, legs, shoulders, thighs, back—oh! that back—all come in for their share. I have heard enthusiasts—lunatics I call them—men old enough to know better, who have been tempted into playing a game of football after a prolonged rest, complain the next morning of feeling as sore and stiff all over as if they had received a severe thrashing. Why, such a feeling is not to be mentioned in the same breath as that with which the married man wakes up on the morning following his first-of-the-season wrestling with the super-abundant grass of his lawn.

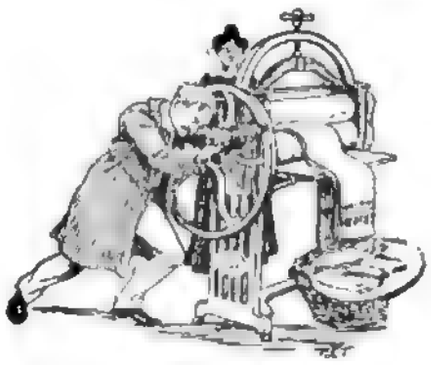
Following the ridiculous example set by the irresponsible members of the Stock Exchange, many thousand misguided individuals have taken it into their heads to scurry along our public thoroughfares clad in garments which are an outrage on one's sense of decency, and with a lofty disregard of the inconvenience they cause to their more sensible fellow-creatures, owing to the disorganisation of the traffic resulting from their mad freaks. Positively, it is hardly possible nowadays to go for a quiet marketing stroll without being roughly jostled by rude men and youths, who, instead of looking where they are going, have their eyes fixed on half a dozen or so half-clothed, woebegone individuals who are hurrying down the centre of the roadway as if a police constable were at their heels. And these miserable wretches would have us believe that they are improving their health by indulging in these disgraceful performances. They are training, they say, for some long distance walking race. Training for an early arrival at the cemetery more likely.

This is what athletic writers call a revival of pedestrianism, and forthwith urge all men to go and do likewise. Plenty of walking is

necessary for the preservation of health; everyone ought to do at least a six mile walk every day; nearly everybody does not do sufficient walking; all of this the writers tell us. This may be right enough for the unmarried man, probably he does not walk enough, but as regards the married man, stuff and nonsense! He is a horse of a very different colour, but the writers make no discrimination between him and his more fortunate brother.

The actual truth is that the married man gets far too much walking. To begin with, he never has sufficient cash to spare to indulge in the luxury of taking a cab, and he may not patronise the 'bus or tramcar too frequently, for if he does his weekly supply of tobacco will have to be reduced. Thus he is forced by circumstances to walk, and he does, too much. Again, has it ever been thought by these bachelor writers that the married man does a lot of indoor pedestrianism? I can assure them he does, more than he likes too. The number of miles walked by a fortunate married man in one night while endeavouring to induce his last born infant (or his first) to go to sleep, would turn white the hair of a champion professional pedestrian. Six miles a day, indeed! Why, given a healthy, wakeful youngster the married man must do at least twice that distance almost every night of his life. Twelve miles is a rough estimate of my own, but a married man whom I once knew who combined with a due regard for the truth a weakness for accuracy of detail, told me that he had made the most careful calculations, and had proved that, taking one week with another, the distance travelled averaged a few yards more than ten and five-eighths miles per night. In the face of such proof it is obvious that married men have nothing to do with the statements of the writers I have referred to above.

It is much the same with other branches of physical culture. What need has the married man for weight-lifting? When at home he can always find (and has to, moreover) heavy scuttlesful of coal to carry, and weighty pieces of furniture to move about. Where is the necessity to go in for gymnastics, boxing, or rowing? Are there not children to be amused, coals to be broken, and mangling machines to be turned? Of



"ARE THERE NOT MANGLE MACHINES TO BE TURNED?"

course; and instead of requiring officious persons to din into our ears that we do not take sufficient exercise, and that we ought to do this, that, or the other, what we married men really need is some scheme by which the physical exertion required of us may be lessened, so far as to enable us to spend at least two hours every day in absolute rest and quietness, to enable us to recover from the effects of the terrible physical exertions we have to make to find the wherewithal of providing for the maintenance of our wives and children.

MATTERS OF WEIGHT

By "BAR-BELL"

IN the early part of October I had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most interesting exhibitions of weight-lifting I have seen for many months. The venue was in New Bridge Street, and the display proved worth going many miles (as I had) to see. And, in passing, I should like to express my appreciation of these city schools of physical culture, where the athlete engaged in business in the city may, when the day's work is done, turn in and enjoy an hour or more of pleasurable and well-directed exercise, whenever he feels inclined. Local gymnasia are very well, but are available, very often, only on one or two evenings a week, which is scarcely sufficient for the enthusiast, and is the means of preventing those whose enthusiasm is not great from being induced to take up physical development. The temptation to sit or loaf about with a pipe or cigarette in one's mouth, after one has reached home and disposed of dinner or tea, is very great, and prevents many a young fellow from indulging in regular exercise, simply because the better alternative is not to be had easily.

The principal visitor at the school in question, Mr. Geoffrey Bird, although he admitted he was quite out of training, and unable to accomplish anything really good, which one might have been inclined to accept, considering that during the last seven years Mr. Bird has had but ten days' practice with heavy weights, consented to attempt one or two lifts. He not only attempted them, and several more besides, but he did things of which the amateur who considers himself somewhat above the average would be justly proud. That is to say, Mr. Bird's feats were always very good and some very extraordinary. He is a big man, I know, heavy and powerfully built, with a 48 in. chest and magnificent limbs, but when, after a seven years' rest, he is able to push up, without a suspicion of an effort, a 90 lb. and an 84 lb. dumb-bell simultaneously, it will be admitted that here is a lifter one does not often meet. Mr. Richards, who needs no introduction to weight lifters, also tried this, but he was somewhat out of condition, and failed to press the bells up; but to show what he can do, however, he jerked them to arms' length three times running.

Mr. Bird then hauled out a 140 lb. dumb-bell, and pushed it up from the shoulder with the right hand with the greatest nonchalance. Not bad for a man who has rested for seven years, eh? He then tried to push a 180 lb. bar-bell, an awkward instrument, sundry light bells having been tied to it to bring it up to the weight, but failed; the shifting of the added weights greatly hindering the lift. Mr. Richards then handled the bar-bell, twice jerking it to arms' length without moving his feet. A couple of 10 lb. and 3 lb. dumb-bells were then added, and Mr. Bird jerked it easily.

Then came a one-handed press of 140 lb. while lying on the ground, performed by Mr. Bird, a feat that is more difficult even than it appears, and has more than once

led to accidents, as this gentleman knows to his cost. After a two-handed press, while lying on his back, of a 244 lb. bar-bell, Mr. Bird also pulled over his own head a 168 lb. bar-bell without his heels rising from the ground, and wound up his afternoon's exercise with a feat which is unique—at least, I have never come across anyone else capable of performing it. Take an ordinary 56 lb. ring weight, hold the tang, into which is fastened the ring, between the thumb and forefinger, and lift the weight clear of the ground. I would wager all Lombard Street to a China orange you can't do it, or yet find anyone who can. Yet Mr. Bird picked up a half-hundredweight thus, and lifted it three feet off the ground with no more trouble than you or I would have in picking up a pin. Strong men there are whom I have not seen I will admit, but those I have cannot do this, and until I *see* someone else do it I shall reserve the right to doubt.

Although several well-known London weight-lifters whom I have seen lately have confessed themselves out of practice, and have not yet commenced really serious work, North of England experts, or some of them, have commenced their winter's sport in real earnest, and I have received particulars of more than one good meeting. October 20 saw a determined competition at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and some very good feats were performed. Mr. F. Noble, of West Hartlepool, won a bantam weight event, his best feat, and one that will require a deal of beating—lifters between 8 and 9 stone make a note of this—being a left-hand press from the shoulder of a bar-bell weighing 142 lb. He also jerked the same bell, with both hands, three times in succession. The 9-st. competitors included Messrs. J. Wilson and T. W. McCoombes, the latter winning by 14 lb. Three lifts only were allowed, right and left hand and bar-bell. Each lifted 165 lb. with the bar-bell, and the winner 120 lb. and 106 lb. with right and left hands respectively. The loser was 8 and 6 lb. behind on the lifts. Mr. R. Gifford, a Newcastle lifter, won the 10-st. event, P. Johnson being second. A contest, including the three above lifts, has been arranged between these gentlemen, which will be decided towards the middle of November; a feather and heavy-weight competition being also down for decision on the same evening, a good evening's sport should be thus assured. I understand that Mr. Turnbull, whose photo readers of these pages will recollect seeing in the magazine last year, is again on the warpath, and, as in the north country there is a most conspicuous fondness for deciding between the abilities of rival champions, and there are plenty of good light weight-lifters north of the Humber, I hope, before long, to be able to make known to readers of the magazine particulars of more than one contest.

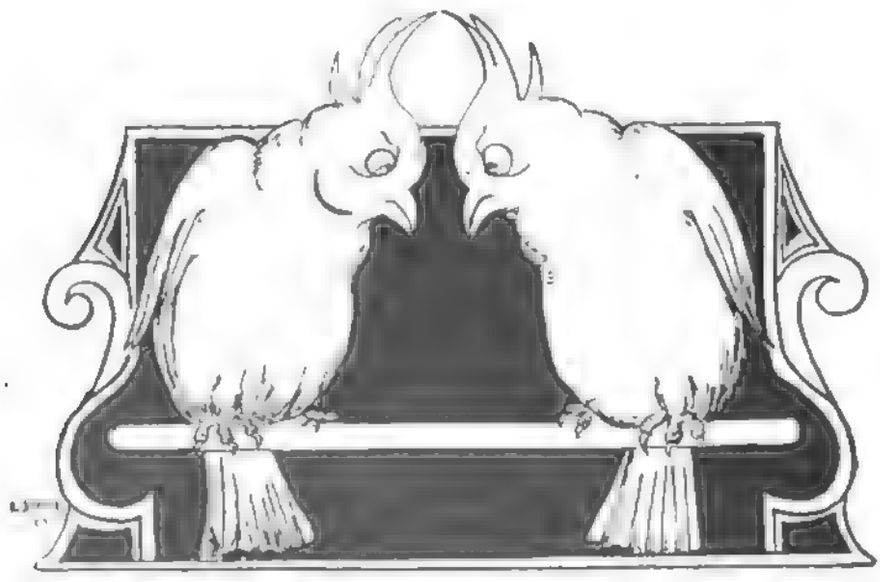
The gigantic competition for the Amateur and Professional Weight-Lifting Championship of the World, of which I gave a few particulars in the previous issue, terminated on October 15. That it has proved a gigantic success goes without saying, and "L'Auto," the organisers of the contests, have already made arrangements for the holding of a similar tournament next year. One must turn to the pages of "L'Auto" itself to learn what the effect of the competitions will be. "After this great International Tournament," says our contemporary, "everybody will wish to become strong, and legions of young men will take up this glorious sport, which was unknown to the majority of sportsmen." Perhaps. Every evening the Moulin Rouge has been filled to overflowing with excited spectators of both sexes who have signified their delight and wonder at the marvellous feats performed on the stage with all that exaggeration of sentiment typical of our friends across the Channel. Competitors have been applauded with a vigour that has shaken the building to its foundations; people have been amazed, terrified by the marvellous manifestations of muscular force, and, in short, the whole affair has been a huge success. Some records have been broken, others have been equalled, and although the Amateur Championship has gone to a foreigner the promoters and the public have been gratified with the sight of a countryman being proclaimed Professional Champion and strongest man in the country.

More space than I have at my disposal

would be required to deal exhaustively with the tournament, so I am obliged to content myself with a recital of the barest details. Lancoud, the Swiss champion, has won the contest for amateurs with a total of 1,060 points, three points in advance of the second man; Schneiderheit, the Hercules from Germany, who has broken the record of 222 lb. for the two-handed press; Empain, the Belgian, was third with 1,031 points. In the professional contest the winner turns out to be Bonnes, who is far ahead of the Russian champion, Elisseieff, whose total is 1.589 points, only one point in advance of Deriaz. Victorious, the giant in size and strength, and holder of two records, of whom great things were expected, obtains the fifth place, 15 points behind Roumageon, who, in the opinion of many of those present, proved himself the most remarkable of all the competitors, for, although of light weight, and but twenty-two years of age, he raised the astonishing weight of 240 lb. in the two-handed jerk.

With regard to this competition, I have received a letter from Mr. Von Lom, who inquires, and pertinently too, why, as the competition in question was one for the World's Championships, greater publicity was not given thereto. Under the circumstances, one would have thought every attempt had been made to secure the entry of the best men in the world, yet to my knowledge, no official advertisement of the competition appeared in any English daily paper, nor were any English weight-lifters invited to compete, or in any way approached. There are other suggestions contained in Mr. Von Lom's letter which would, doubtless, secure the appreciation of readers of the magazine, but I do not, as yet, feel at liberty to make them public.

There is nothing like competition, and plenty of it, to ensure the life of any pastime, and extend public interest; therefore, it is with great pleasure that I draw my readers' attention to a challenge issued by Mr. Charles Hutchinson on behalf of the well-known Yorkshire weight-lifter and champion, J. W. Weldon. Mr. Weldon is willing to meet anybody and everybody, nobody barred, at 10 st., in six lifts, the four recognised in the Amateur Championship competitions, and right and left-handed lifts from the shoulder, the reward of the victor to be the 10-st. Professional Champion of England.



AND EDITORIAL CHAT.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on page vi. of advertisements.

All communications relating to Instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

N.L.—I am very glad you have noticed the improvement in the magazine. We intend to go on, and I think you will agree with me that next month will see us eclipse all previous efforts. Read the Editor's note to his readers at the commencement of this number. Those, and many other features will appear during the coming year.

Jos. S. Callender (Georgetown).—The price of the charts is 1s. 6d. each. I am very glad to hear of the improvement you have made. You can get Plasmon from the International Plasmon Co., Ltd., 77, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Anxious.—I would advise you to consult a surgeon, who would be better able to advise you and treat your ailment. Some gentle exercises should prove beneficial, but let him decide.

Harrison Krips (Bendigo).—You can obtain the developer at any large town throughout the Commonwealth. I have agencies all over the world.

Henry Thompson (Glasgow).—The numbers you require have been out of print some time, but we can supply you in the bound volumes, VI. and VII., at 4s. 6d. each, postage additional.

Frank Thurston.—You appear to have slightly strained the tendons. Exercise them slightly and rub upwards with my embrocation, which will soon put you right.

J. C. E. (Capetown).—Yes; at this time of the year you can scarcely take a cold tub in the morning. Wear light clothing at night and get as much regular exercise as possible.

Middleton (Dundee, Natal).—The suggestion is a good one, and is already under consideration. You will hear more of it in the near future.

Admirer (Bradford).—I cannot very well advise you in these columns. Write to my postal instruction department.

Horace Golden.—Look through our advertisement pages and you will find exactly what you wish. Have you tried Cadbury's? Theirs should suit you exactly.

J. K. C. Edwards (Dublin).—Thanks for photo. The forearms appear to be good, but the photo does not show any other point worthy of remark.

Louisa Edwardes.—What you require is twenty minutes' exercise in the morning daily with the developer, commencing with no weights whatever to the handle. I have just perfected a new exerciser, which I hope to be able to fully explain in my next issue.

W. Morgan (Cardiff).—The cutting you send me, whilst stating facts, is scarcely fair to those gentlemen, for here the old adage that "a good little' un is as good as a good big 'un" applies.

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H2. S. O. 4. (Portrush).—Your measurements are what might be called fairly good, as are also the lifts. I shall be pleased to have your photograph.

Tonsilitis.—Breathing exercises will do you more good than medicine. Write for my pamphlet on the subject, which will be sent you free of cost.

MacDermott (Calcutta).—Perhaps the climate does not agree with you, or that you are not taking sufficient exercise. Send full particulars to my postal instruction department, and they will advise you.

C. Musgrove (Belfast).—Your first aim should be to remedy the trouble, which will prevent your strength from increasing as long as it exists.

Eccles (Blackpool).—It is too bad that you are not nearer London. If you were, you could take a course at one of my schools, which would enable you to be under my personal supervision. However, you had better apply at my Manchester school, where you will receive every attention.

N. D. P. Murtle (Shipley).—See reply to Afrikander.

Curious (Edinburgh).—I shall be in your city in perhaps a few weeks, when you had better put your case before me in person. In the meantime, continue the light dumb-bell and developer exercises as directed.

Afrikander (Capetown).—Furneaux's Human Physiology is about as useful as any for your purpose, but there are several others that booksellers would give you a list of for selection. One half hour's exercise at a time daily is quite sufficient. You are doing too much.

S. Kaufman (London).—Excess in gymnastic exercises, as in most other good things, would be harmful, but in due moderation would have no such injurious effect as your friends imagine.

E. Storey (Windsor).—Your increase is extremely good for so short a time.

Zealandia (Christchurch).—The exercise you mention would certainly not have had the effect you query. If rupture is troubling you, it would be wise not to do exercises 11 and 12.

H. M. B. (Herne Hill).—The muscles usually lacking in the untrained man are the triceps, forearm extensors, trapezeus, abdominal and deltoid muscles. For swimming you cannot do better than exercise with the developer. Holbein derived great benefit from it.

W. T. (Croydon).—If you, by exercising, work up a good degree of heat, you would not find the chill of which you complain. Placing the feet in hot water is a remedy for the feeling of chill after bath.

Cocoa (Oxford).—Use the developer as an expander, as shown by charts, and you will soon be rid of your stoop shoulders.

Albert E. Turner (Nottingham).—Much obliged for your photos, and regret that I cannot at present, at all events, make use of them for the magazine. The development appears to be very neat indeed.

D. P. (Furness).—Surely the remedy is in your own hands. I have repeatedly drawn attention to the danger.

Terence (Belfast).—To get rid of enlarged glands take light exercises, and cod-liver oil would be beneficial.

Englishman (Cairo).—To start with ten minutes per day is ample, especially in warm climates. If the cold tub is not available, the cold sponge bath is a good substitute.

A. W. Lennox Robertson (London).—Reproduced in March, 1903, as frontispiece.

Private Wilson (Ireland).—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter with thanks.

Biceps (Rugby).—Your only chance seems to make a habit of regular exercise for twenty minutes daily before morning tub. As to how long it would take to reach the development you desire, this would depend upon your own determination.

Saxon.—With exception of hips, which are too small, your measurements are not out of proportion. You should do exercise 14 on the Developer Chart.

Scotchman (Kew).—If you were more than twice your age you would not be too old to start exercising. Your measurements are not at all bad.

A Lady Admirer (Bexhill).—(1, 2, and 3). For these you had better take a course of instruction by post. Write, or, better still, if possible, call at 17 and 18, Basinghall Street, E.C. (4) You are mistaken; the only support is a wide waistband.

Samson.—Breathing exercises in themselves are not sufficient, though very essential. Use the developer as a chest expander, according to exercises supplied, also developer and dumb-bell practice in moderation.

Athlete (Carlisle).—Write to Messrs. Gale and Polden, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C., for their catalogue of books of Physical Development, etc. This, and their latest publication, "Life, and How to Live It," should supply you with all the information you require.

C. S.—(1) It is quite a question for a medical man. (2) Your doctor will tell you.

L. S. G.—Half an hour at a time, putting plenty of energy into your work, is ample. Glad you are deriving so much benefit. I do not recommend weight-lifting, nor could I advise you without a knowledge of your measurements.

**** A number of hints are unavoidably held over.*

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